TAYTAY'S MEMORIES

ELIZABETH W. DE HUFF

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Taytay sits by his fire and muses. He remembers the stories of his boyhood to tell to his grandchildren.

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TAYTAY'S MEMORIES

COLLECTED AND RETOLD

BY
ELIZABETH WILLIS DeHUFF

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRED KABOTIE

NEW YORK
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TO

MOTHER AND FATHER,
WHO MADE MY CHILDHOOD HAPPY
WITH STORIES

PREFACE

Many children have found so much pleasure in *Taytay's Tales* that I have persuaded the grandchildren of Taytay to tell me other stories that he tells to them [for these dear little children whom I know].

Taytay's grandchildren, as you know, are Pueblo Indians, who live in New Mexico and Arizona. They live in villages made of houses all piled one upon another. And these kind Indians have told me all of the stories herein contained. I hope you will enjoy reading them as much as I enjoyed hearing them.

I wish to thank most heartily the Indian men and children who have told me these stories; and especially to thank Nona Lee Penn for her most helpful and generous assistance in collecting many of the story-telling children for me.

Fred Kabotie, the Hopi Indian illustrator, is a jolly High School boy, who plays on the football

team and whom all the children of Sante Fe call to as he passes. He is a natural artist and has taught himself from within all that he knows of art. Modest and retiring, he objects to being mentioned here, but I am sure that all of the readers of these stories want to know about him.

Stories similar to these have perhaps been told in other books, for other people have collected tales from the Pueblo Indians before this; among them Charles F. Lummis, Frank H. Cushing, and John M. Gunn. But these have been gathered directly just for you.

Elizabeth Willis De Huff.

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TAYTAY'S MEMORIES

THE BLUEBIRD AND THE CROW

(*Santo Domingo*)

Mrs. Bluebird and Mrs. Crow lived near each other in a cedar thicket. Every day Mrs. Crow could hear her neighbor Mrs. Bluebird singing beautiful songs as she busied herself about her work. She would listen to the songs and try to sing prettily, too; but her singing was only a *caw*. She could not make another note. It sounded funny after the bluebird's songs, so she grew jealous.

One day Mrs. Crow invited Mrs. Bluebird over to her nest for an afternoon of music. Since it was at her house Mrs. Crow had to sing the first song. Her song sounded so queer that Mrs. Bluebird could not keep from laughing.

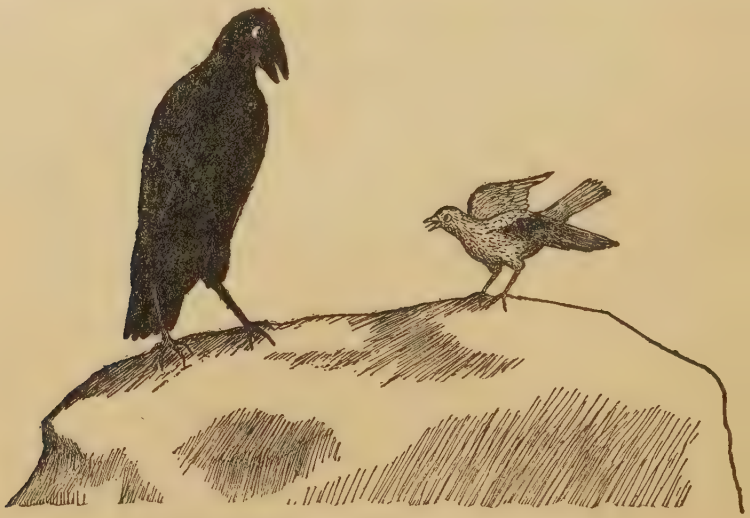
"Now it is your turn to sing," said Mrs. Crow.

And Mrs. Bluebird shut her eyes, opened her mouth just as wide as she could, and began singing loud and gay.

While her mouth was open Mrs. Crow took a

handful of salt and threw it down Mrs. Bluebird's throat. It strangled her and she began to cough and cough.

"What a funny song you are singing," laughed Mrs. Crow. "I have never heard such an amusing



Mrs. Bluebird could not keep from laughing

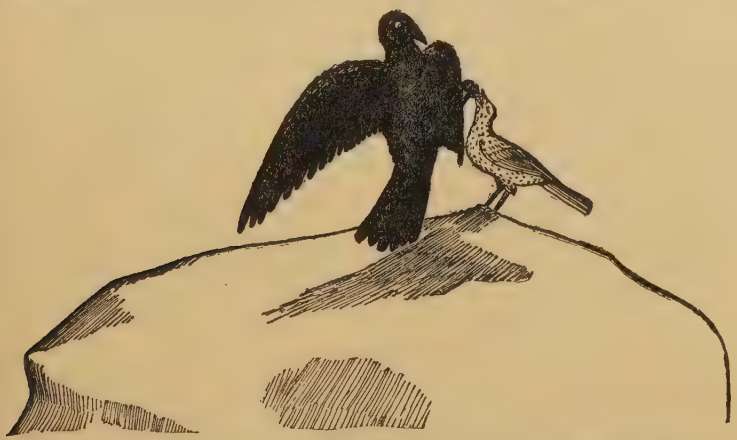
song before." And she laughed and laughed at Mrs. Bluebird.

"What is the matter with you that you sing so strangely to-day?" And Mrs. Crow laughed again, "ha! ha! ha!"

"I must have a sore throat," said Mrs. Bluebird, who really did not know what was the matter. "Or perhaps I sang too loud."

She looked at Mrs. Crow, and when she saw Mrs. Crow just doubling up with laughter she grew angry. She picked up a stone and threw it as hard as she could at Mrs. Crow.

The stone gave Mrs. Crow a black eye; but Mrs. Bluebird did not wait to see. She flew back to her nest and never went to see Mrs. Crow again.



Mrs. Crow took a handful of salt and threw it down Mrs. Bluebird's throat

THE LION AND THE BLACKBIRDS

(San Juan)

One cold winter's day Mr. and Mrs. Lion had nothing to eat. They were very hungry. They lived up in the snowy mountains above a river.

"It is cold, dear, and I hate to go out," said Mr. Lion to his wife, "but I must go down to the river in search of food. You get the fire ready, while I am gone, to warm me when I get back."

So Mr. Lion set out for the river. When he reached there he saw a party of Blackbirds skating on the ice; for the river was frozen over.

"Good-morning, Blackbird-people," greeted Mr. Lion. "You seem to be having a fine time on the ice. May I skate with you?"

The Blackbirds jumped and hopped away to the other side of the ice-covered river.

"Certainly, Lion-man," replied the Blackbirds, "you may skate with us if you can jump as grace-

The ice broke and Mr. Lion tumbled into the water.

fully over the ice as we can." And they hopped about some more to show Mr. Lion.

They looked so fat and good to eat that Mr. Lion leaped on the ice among them. But he was too heavy. The ice broke and he tumbled into the water underneath, while the Blackbirds all flew away laughing.

Now when Mr. Lion fell under the ice he tumbled down on Mr. Frog, who was taking his winter nap in the mud. He hurt Mr. Frog's leg. Mr. Frog did not want to be waked up and he did not want to be hurt, so he was very angry.

Mr. Lion crawled up out of the water and lay down in the sun to dry. He was so tired that he fell asleep.

Mr. Frog hopped up and when he saw Mr. Lion sleeping, he slipped up to him very quietly.

"Now, Lion-man," Mr. Frog whispered to himself, "I am going to get even with you for hurting my leg."

So Mr. Frog took out his scissors, that he cuts his old skin open with each spring, and he cut all of Mr. Lion's hair that he could reach. Then he slipped away, back into the mud at the bottom of the river.

When Mr. Lion awakened, he stood up to shake himself and all of his hair fell off on one side.

"Who has been cutting off my handsome fur?" he roared. "It must have been Fox-man. He is al-

He cut all of Mr. Lion's hair that he could reach

ways up to mean tricks." And Mr. Lion trotted away to the Fox's home.

The Fox's house was too small for Mr. Lion to go into, so he stood outside and roared.

"You, Fox-man, what did you mean by cutting off my hair?"

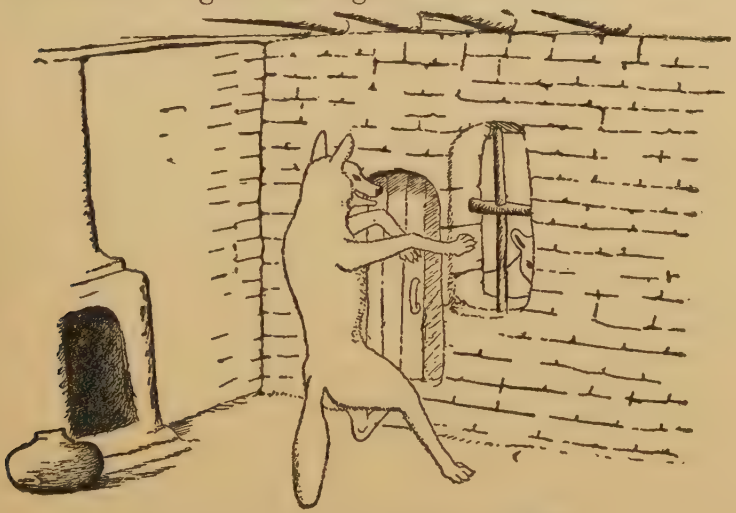
"I did not cut your hair, Lion-man," answered the Fox.

Then Mr. Fox peeped out of his little window and saw Mr. Lion for the first time. He looked so funny with half his hair gone that Mr. Fox rolled over backwards with laughter.

Mr. Lion was furious. He squeezed and squeezed to get into Mr. Fox's door; but the door was too small and he was too big.

Then he began to shiver from cold. He ran home as mad as he could be to Mrs. Lion. She had the fire all ready. Mrs. Lion was sorry for him; but he looked so funny with half his hair gone that Mrs. Lion had to laugh, too.

Mr. Lion was so ashamed of himself then that he crawled away back into his den and stayed there until his hair grew out again.



Mr. Fox rolled over backwards with laughter

THE FOX AND THE QUAILS

(Santo Domingo)

Once upon a time a party of Quails were playing and singing under some bushes. Mr. Fox passed near by and heard them.

"Who can be singing so gaily to-day?" he whispered to himself. "I shall peep and see."

Then Mr. Fox peeped around the bushes.

"Good-morning, Quail-people," he said, "you sound very happy to-day. What makes you sing so sweetly?"

"These tufts we wear on our heads make us happy," replied the Quails.

"Tell me where you got them, Quail-people," asked Mr. Fox. "I want to get one, too; for I want to sing and be happy."

"The Chief took a stone and nailed these to our heads," replied the Quails.

"Where can I find the Chief so that he can nail one on my head?" asked Mr. Fox.

"Oh, we do not know were he is now," replied the Quails, "but we will nail one on for you."

"Thank you very much, Quail-people." And Mr. Fox put his head down to be fixed.

The Quails took a sharp stick and a big stone. Then they pounded the stick into Mr. Fox's head until he cried out with pain and ran away howling.

They pounded the stick into Mr. Fox's head

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

(San Juan)

An Ant once lived in the woods near a Cricket. The Ant was a quiet, busy person all day, and in the summer evenings he liked to sit on his doorstep and rest. But every summer evening the Cricket would sing so loud and shrill that the Ant could not rest.

"That lazy, noisy Cricket," Mr. Ant would complain to himself. "I wish he would keep quiet for a while"; but the Cricket always kept on chirping.

One day in Autumn when the Ant was busy hurrying back and forth bringing in his winter food, Mr. Cricket came along.

"Come, Ant-man," called Mr. Cricket, "stop your work and let us have some fun while the air is still warm and there is no snow on the ground."

The Ant said: "I have no time now to spend in playing, Cricket-man. Winter is almost here when

there will be no food to gather. You should be working, too, and gathering your food for winter."

The Cricket just laughed and said, "Oh, you work too much, Ant-man. Now is the time to have a

"Now is the time to have a good time"

good time." And he began hurting Mr. Ant's ears with his shrill singing.

"You lazy thing," shouted Mr. Ant. "You play and sing all the time. When winter comes you never have anything to eat. Then you go around begging food from your neighbors. You need not come to me for I will not give you any."

But Mr. Cricket was singing so loud that he did not even hear the Ant.

When winter came Mr. Cricket was very hungry. He went all about, but he could find no food. Finally he went to the Ant.

"Ant-man," he said, "please give me something to eat. I am starving to death."

"You should have thought of that when you were singing and playing last summer. I have nothing for you," replied Mr. Ant.

And the poor Cricket died of starvation.

Finally Mr. Cricket went to the Ant

THE COTTON-TAIL AND THE TURTLE

(*San Juan*)

Master Cotton-tail once dug his home in the river valley, down in a low sandy bottom. He thought he was well fixed.

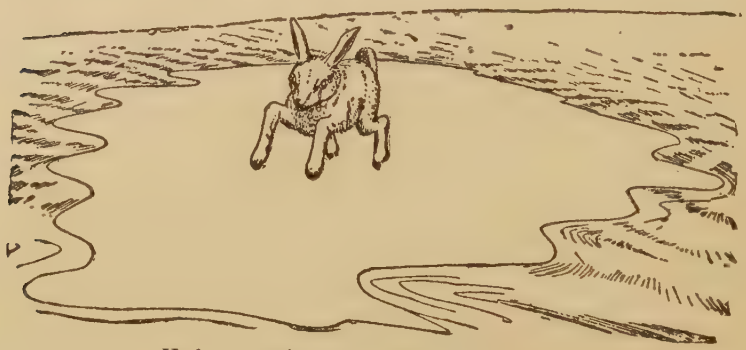
Early one morning he was waked from his sleep by a gurgling and rushing noise. It sounded like water lapping back and forth near him. He jumped out of bed and went outside to see.

Great was his astonishment to find that the river had turned into a lake all around and left his house on an island in its midst.

He watched the edge of the water for a while and found that it was creeping steadily up and up; coming nearer and nearer to his house every minute, on all sides.

Master Cotton-tail ran around and around looking for a place narrow enough to jump across; but there was not a single place where the water was not too wide. He could not swim. What was he to do?

Great tears began to roll down his little cheeks. And he kept running up and down his tiny island as the water crept up higher and higher about him.



He kept running up and down his tiny island

Master Cotton-tail hoped each moment that the water would stop coming. But the rains in the mountains kept on sending floods down the river. The river kept on getting higher and wider and bigger.

It crept up until Master Cotton-tail had only a foot of ground to stand on. Then he had only half a foot; and finally there was just room enough for his four little feet held tight together.

The tears came faster. What could he do? What

could he do? He shivered to think of drowning in that cold, roaring water.

Just then big, fat Mr. Turtle came swimming along the stream. He saw Master Cotton-tail shivering with the water just touching his toes.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Turtle. "What a delicious breakfast I have found." And he swam over to Master Cotton-tail with his fat head wrinkling and wagging with laughter.

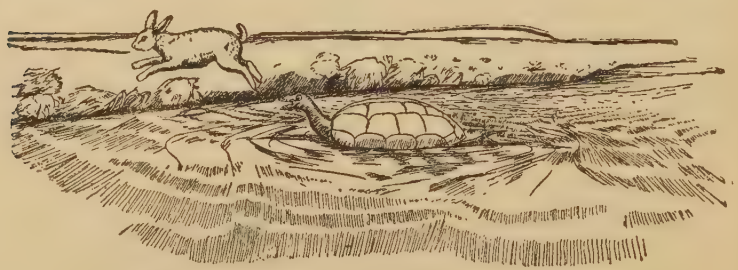
"Well, Cotton-tail-boy," said Mr. Turtle, "how will you enjoy being eaten up?"

The tears came faster

"Oh, I am so unhappy, Turtle-man," replied Master Cotton-tail dolefully, "that I shall be very glad to be eaten up. The river is taking my house away. It is about to drown me, too. I have no

where to live. I had much rather be eaten than to be homeless; and I had much rather be eaten than to drown." And Master Rabbit shivered again showing how he hated to drown.

"But," continued Master Rabbit, "I shall not taste a bit good if you eat me when I am wet. The water is coming up so fast I shall soon be drenched. Had you not better take me across the river and eat



Master Cotton-tail gave a great leap to dry land

me on the bank. I shall be nice and dry then and I shall taste much better."

"You are right, Cotton-tail-boy," agreed Mr. Turtle. "Get on my back and hold tight around my neck and I shall take you across the river."

So Master Cotton-tail climbed onto Mr. Turtle's broad back and held him tight around the neck.

Mr. Turtle swam across the river smacking his lips. But just before he reached the shore, Master Cotton-tail turned loose his neck, gave a great hop to the dry land, and ran away as fast as he could, while Mr. Turtle beat the rocks and gurgled the water in rage.

THE FOX AND THE WOODPECKER

(*Zuni*)

One day Mr. Fox was very hungry and decided he would try to catch some of the Doves, who lived near him, for his dinner. He was trotting along wondering what trick he could play upon the little Doves in order to trap them, when he saw Mr. Woodpecker.

Mr. Woodpecker was perched on the side of a tree-trunk pecking away and singing a song.

"Good-day, Woodpecker-man," called Mr. Fox. "You seem happy to-day."

"Yes, I am happy," replied Mr. Woodpecker. "But you are sad, Fox-man; what troubles you?"

"I am sad," said Mr. Fox, "because I am so fond of the Dove-people and they do not like me. I want to call upon them and they will not let me go in."

"That is too bad," consoled Mr. Woodpecker; and he pecked and sang some more. When he

looked down again Mr. Fox was still there watching him.

"Teach me your song," suggested Mr. Fox

"Perhaps, Woodpecker-man," suggested Mr. Fox, "if you should teach me your song the Dove-people would let me in."

"All right!" And Mr. Woodpecker sang his song over and over again until Mr. Fox could sing it, too.

Then Mr. Fox trotted off to see the Doves, singing Mr. Woodpecker's song as he went.

But the Doves were out in the tall grass eating seeds. When they heard Mr. Fox's big voice singing so funnily, they flew up suddenly with a whirr. They startled Mr. Fox so unexpectedly that he for-

The Doves flew up suddenly

got his song. He hurried back to Mr. Woodpecker to learn the song again.

Mr. Woodpecker, however, had said to himself, when Mr. Fox had trotted off singing: "Fox-man will probably come back here bothering me again. I shall fool him if he does."

So Mr. Woodpecker found a short fat stick. He

burnt the end of it in a fire until it glowed red. Then he flew up and stuck the other end into the hole he had pecked in the tree-trunk.

Now when Mr. Fox came back to learn the song again, he called up into the tree: "I have forgot-

The stick scorched his nose

ten your song, Woodpecker-man. You will have to sing it for me again."

But there was no answer.

"I say, Woodpecker-man," called Mr. Fox a lit-

tle louder, "I have forgotten your song. Please teach it to me again."

Still there was no answer.

Mr. Fox grew angry.

"If you do not sing to me, Woodpecker-man," he growled, "I will eat you up."

There was no answer, so Mr. Fox made a great jump and snapped at the burning stick with his sharp teeth. And before he could drop it, the stick had scorched his nose, so that he wears a black nose to this very day.

AN INDIAN BLUEBEARD*

(*Acoma*)

Once upon a time a man, Oh-hay, lived up above a high cliff with his mother. He would often go away from home and come back with a new wife. As he grew tired of each wife, she would disappear and he would go out to find another. It made his mother very sad; but whenever she spoke to him he would scold her and treat her cruelly until she would cry.

Flower-petal was a beautiful girl who lived far away. One day, while Flower-petal was out gathering flowers for her house, Oh-hay passed by. He had been hunting. He liked Flower-petal's soft brown eyes and long black hair, so he asked her very sweetly to go home with him and be his wife. Flower-petal did not want to go; but he teased her so long

*The bird episode was taken from another story and incorporated here.

and promised her so many beautiful things that finally she said she would go with him.

He took Flower-petal to his house above the cliffs

"Well, sit on my shoulder and shut your eyes tight," said Oh-hay, "and I will take you to my home."

So he took Flower-petal to his house above the cliffs. When his mother saw him coming with another pretty girl to grow tired of, she began to cry in sympathy. Oh-hay scowled at his mother to make her dry her tears. Then he ordered her to get breakfast.

His unkindness made Flower-petal unhappy, so that she could not eat the food set before her. She began to cry, too; for she was homesick. And that made Oh-hay angry. Each day he grew more and more unkind to her.

One day Oh-hay brought a pair of moccasins to Flower-petal and commanded her to put them on.

"Come out for a walk with me," he said.

Flower-petal had never been invited to go walking with Oh-hay before. She wondered why he was being so kind. He led her for the first time to the top of the steep cliff. It was so high above the country below that it made Flower-petal dizzy to look down.

"There is a parrot's nest with beautiful eggs in it under this top ledge of rock," said Oh-hay. "Would you like to see it?"

Flower-petal had never seen parrot's eggs before, so she wanted very much to see it.

He led her to the top of the steep cliff

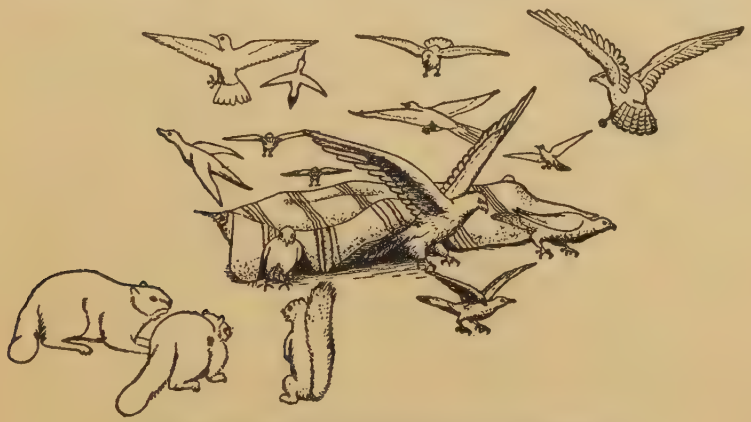
"Give me your hands," said Oh-hay. "Then you lean down over the cliff and I will hold you and pull you up again."

Flower-petal felt afraid; but she wanted so bad to see the nest that she gave Oh-hay her hands and

climbed down over the edge of the cliff. There was no nest anywhere to be seen.

"Now," said Oh-hay, "I shall be rid of you. I will kill you as I have killed the others." And he turned loose her hands and gave her a push over the high cliff wall.

But little Rock-squirrel had been up on the cliff and had seen Oh-hay coming with Flower-petal.



All kinds of birds flew out from under the blanket

He knew what Oh-hay intended to do to her, so he had scurried down the steep rocks to Grandfather and Grandmother Beaver.

"Oh, Grandfather Beaver," called Rock-squir-

rel as soon as he grew near, "Oh-hay is going to kill another girl. He is leading her to the cliff to throw her over. She is a beautiful girl. Can you not save her?"

"I will try," answered Grandfather Beaver and he called quickly to Grandmother Beaver: "Bring me an ear of corn."

Grandmother Beaver came hurriedly with a long ear of corn with blue, red and white grains on it Grandfather Beaver put the corn under a blanket near the fire and began to chant over it:

"I bring the hearts together,
I bring the hearts together,
Come forth my birdies,
Come forth my birdies,
Fly to Flower-petal,
Fly to Flower-petal
She needs you."

The corn began to move under the blanket. Soon there was a fluttering noise, and Eagles, Crows, and all kinds of birds flew out from under it. They sailed away to the cliff. Just as Flower-petal was falling they flew under her and, supporting her on

their wings, let her easily down to the ground, where Grandfather and Grandmother Beaver and Rock-squirrel were waiting.

"You must hurry away to your home, Flower-petal," warned Grandfather Beaver, "before Oh-

They flew under Flower-petal and supported her on their wings

hay comes down to see if you are dead. Do you see all of these rocks standing around us here? They were pretty girls once like you. They were the wives of Oh-hay that he has thrown over the cliff. He will come back soon to count these rocks to see if you

are one of them; for he is a wizard and turns his dead wives into rocks. Run quickly to your home. Go toward the East and you will pass by Grandmother Spider's house on the way. Perhaps she can help you."

Flower-petal thanked them and went on her way eastward toward her home.

She had not gone far when she heard Oh-hay's angry voice:

"Flower-petal is not here among these rocks. Some one has fooled me. But I shall catch her for I can run faster than she can."

Flower-petal sped away as fast as she could, but all the time she could hear Oh-hay's foot-steps growing nearer and nearer.

She was just wondering what she could do to hide herself when she saw a little house by the roadside. She ran into the house and there was Grandmother Spider.

"Hide me, oh, hide me quick, Grandmother Spider," begged Flower-petal. "Oh-hay is chasing me. He will kill me."

So Grandmother Spider sent Flower-petal quickly down the ladder into her dark cellar room. Her head was scarcely out of sight when Oh-hay ran in.

"Where is Flower-petal?" he demanded of Grandmother Spider.

"She was running down the road a few minutes ago," calmly replied Grandmother Spider.

"Yes, but I saw her come into this house," stormed Oh-hay angrily. "If you do not tell me where she is I will tear down your whole house until I find her."

"Well," said Grandmother Spider, bringing a jar from a corner. "I will tell you where she is after you halloo four times into this jar."

"All right," said Oh-hay. "That is a bargain. I will halloo in your jar, but I am in a hurry. I will not be long delayed."

So Grandmother Spider placed the jar before Oh-hay. He halloed loudly into it three times. As he drew a deep breath to call the fourth time louder than ever to frighten Grandmother Spider, he fell over on the floor, dead.

And for punishment Grandmother Spider put him outside and turned him into a rock, too.

Grandmother Spider gave Flower-petal something to eat and then she went safely back to her mother's home.

Those rocks can be seen standing near Acoma village to this very day.

MASTER RABBIT AGAIN ENCOUNTERS THE PINE-GUM-BABY

(*Combination of Taos and Laguna*)

One spring Mr. Fox decided he would have a garden. He dug and he planted and he hoed. Whenever he was not out hunting he was working among his growing vegetables.

One morning when his squash vines were forming nice luscious squashes, almost ready to gather, he came out and found two of them all eaten up. Mr. Fox stormed and barked. He pounded his paws and bit his tail in anger; but he could not find out who had eaten his squashes.

The next morning two more squashes were gone. Mr. Fox was madder than ever. He walked all around his garden fence looking for tracks. The ground was so hard and the vines were so thick that he could not find a single track.

But suddenly he espied a little round hole at the bottom of the fence.

"Aha!" he cried, "here is where the thief comes in. I shall catch him."

So Mr. Fox trotted off to a piñon pine thicket nearby and gathered a jar of pine gum. When he got back home he molded the gum into a little ani-

There was a strange little animal standing in his way

mal. Then he set the gum-baby in the hole in the fence.

That evening Master Rabbit came slipping quietly along in the moonlight to the hole in the fence. His lips were smacking as he thought of those delicious squashes Mr. Fox had planted for him.

But when he reached the hole there was a strange little animal standing in his way.

"Good-evening," cordially greeted Master Rabbit. "Will you please be so kind as to let me pass?"

But the animal neither replied to his greeting nor moved aside.

"Good-evening, I say," shouted Master Rabbit. "Will you please let me pass?"

Still the animal neither spoke nor moved. Master Rabbit was irritated. "If you do not let me by I will push you out of the way."

Gum-baby did not move. Master Rabbit grew angry. He lifted his right paw and gave the gum-baby a shove. His paw stuck hard and fast.

"Turn me loose," yelled Master Rabbit. He pulled and tugged. "If you do not turn me loose I will hit you."

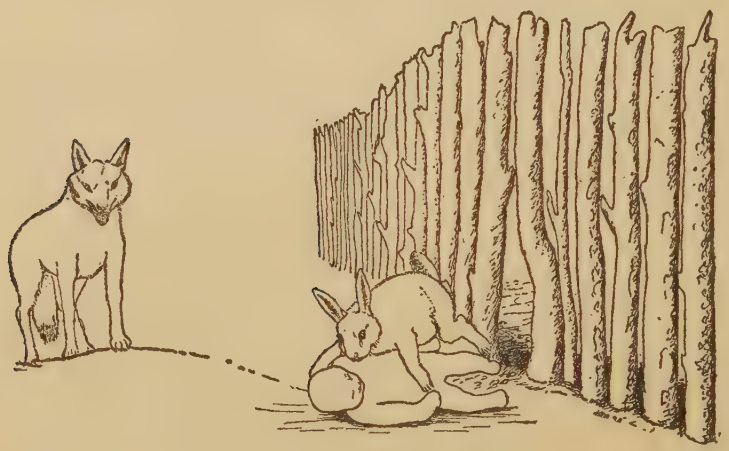
But the gum-baby held his paw tight. Master Rabbit hit him as hard as he could with his left paw and it stuck fast.

"You think I cannot kick, do you not? You had better turn me loose before I kick you." And Master Rabbit hauled off and kicked him as hard as he could with his right hind paw. It stuck.

Then he grew very angry. He kicked him with his left hind paw and it stuck. All the time Master Rabbit was getting madder and madder.

"I will butt you," he raged, breathing hard. He butted the gum-baby and his head stuck. Then he bumped the gum-baby with his stomach.

And there he was pasted to the gum-baby, rolling over and over struggling to get loose and sticking



There he was pasted to the gum-baby

faster all the time, when the big round red sun came up and Mr. Fox ran out to see who had been bothering his squashes.

"So I have caught you at last, Rabbit-boy. Now I shall eat you for having eaten my squashes."

"Oh, please Fox-man. I was only passing by and when I spoke to this little animal he would not answer me. I hit him for being so impolite and he kept holding me tighter and tighter. Will you not please take him off?"

"I will eat you off!" growled Mr. Fox.

"I am all sticky," pleaded Master Rabbit. "I would not taste good. You will have to wash the sticky stuff off."

"You are right, Rabbit-boy," replied Mr. Fox. "I will have to cleanse you." So he called to Mrs. Fox to bring out a jar of warm water. They washed the gum-baby all off of Master Rabbit. He began to shiver and shake in his wetness.

"I am too wet and cold to eat now," chattered Master Rabbit. "You had better put me in the sun to dry."

"No, I shall warm you in the stew kettle." And Mrs. Fox pushed poor Master Rabbit into a big pot over the fire.

When the stew was all ready and Mr. and Mrs. Fox sat down to feast, Mrs. Fox said: "Be careful now, Fox-man, not to drop any of this stew on your right paw or Rabbit-boy will get away and we will have no food."

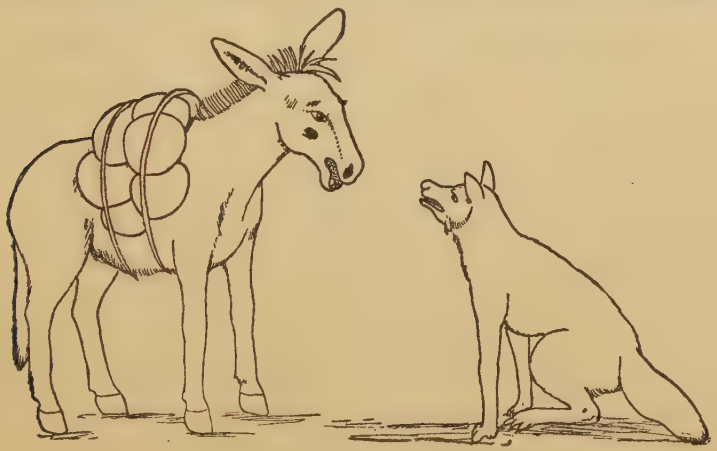
Mr. Fox looked up at her and did just what she told him not to do. A bit of stew fell on his right paw. And Master Rabbit jumped out of the stew and ran away.

Master Rabbit jumped out of the stew and ran away

THE COYOTE AND THE DONKEY

(San Juan influenced by Spanish-American)

An old man and his wife, too feeble to travel, once had a trusty donkey. The old woman made cheeses,



"Will you not take me across the river?"

packed them on the donkey's back, and sent him away with them to market.

The donkey had to cross a river on his way to the village. One morning when he reached the river's edge, Mr. Coyote was waiting for him there.

"Good-morning, Donkey-man," greeted Mr. Coy-

ote. "You are such a good swimmer. Will you not take me across the river with you?"

Mr. Donkey was pleased to be thought a good swimmer, so he said, "I will take you with pleasure, Coyote-man, if you will not eat my cheeses. Climb up on my back; but be very careful not to mash my cheeses either."

Mr. Coyote did not really want to cross the river, he only wanted Mr. Donkey's cheeses. So while

Mr. Coyote ate one round cheese after another

Mr. Donkey swam obligingly across the river, Mr. Coyote sat on his back and ate one round cheese after another until they were all gone. When they reached the shore, Mr. Coyote jumped down; thanked Mr. Donkey; and trotted away.

Mr. Donkey trudged along to the market-place. He made a bargain for his cheeses. But when the

trader went around to get them from Mr. Donkey's pack, there were no cheeses there. So Mr. Donkey lost his trade and traveled sadly home again.

His master beat him and sent him back to find the coyote, who had eaten up his cheeses.

This was a hard task his master had given him. He did not know where to find Mr. Coyote nor how to catch him when he did find him. His master had told him not to come back without that coyote. Poor Mr. Donkey felt very sad.

All day he looked for him. Finally he found the cave in which the coyote family lived. He sat down outside to think. At last he thought of a plan. He lay down near the door of the cave and pretended to be dead, with his mouth wide open.

He did not have long to wait. Very soon Mrs. Coyote came to the door. When she saw Mr. Donkey stretched out on the ground, she called, "Come outside, every one. We are rich! We have plenty of food to last for many days."

Mr. Coyote and all the children came running out at the good news.

One of the babies begged, "Oh, Coyote-daddy, I bid for the heart. Please get the heart for me."

And Mr. Coyote stuck his head into Mr. Donkey's open mouth to drag out his heart. Mr. Donkey shut his mouth, closing his jaws tight on Mr. Coyote's head, so that he could not speak.

Mrs. Coyote and the little ones went into the house to bring out jars for their meat.

Then Mr. Donkey jumped up and ran away with Mr. Coyote to his master.

The master was still angry, so he exclaimed: "Now, Coyote-man, since you stole from the Donkey's back, you shall have nothing left on your back." So saying, he stripped the skin from the coyote's back and turned him loose.

When Mr. Coyote got back home his wife met him at the door. "Oh, Stranger-man," she cried, "Can you tell me where my husband has gone?"

"This is your husband," replied poor Mr. Coyote, and Mrs. Coyote knew his voice.

Mr. Coyote felt so ashamed that he slipped away back into the darkest corner of his den to hide until his own hide grew on again.

WHAT BECAME OF THE CRY-BABY

(*Picuris*)

A kind father and mother had two little girls. The older was a good little girl; but the younger was a regular cry-baby. Every evening she would squall and bawl with all her might.

Her mother and father were almost deafened with the noise. They did everything they could think of for the little girl, but still she screamed.

Finally they could stand it no longer.

"Take your little sister outside and leave her until she stops crying," said her mother to the older child.

And she was taken out. She continued to cry, so that a Witch-owl heard her. The Witch-owl flew down and carried her away. When the noise ceased, her mother thought the little girl had stopped crying.

"Your sister has stopped crying now," she said. "You may bring her inside."

But when they went for her she was nowhere to be found. They searched and searched and the

The Witch-owl flew down and carried her away

mother wept and wept, but still they could not find the little girl.

Next day some men of the tribe were out in the mountains gathering pine nuts. They heard the little girl crying. Looking up whence the sound came, they saw her lying on a narrow cliff high, high up above them.

They did not know how to get her down. They

gathered wood and tried to build a ladder, but they could not build one high enough.

Grandmother Spider came along. "What is the matter?" she asked.

And they told her: "One of our little girls is crying up on that ledge and we cannot get her down."

"I will help you," said Grandmother Spider. And she spun a long, long web that would reach up to the little girl. She climbed up her ladder web and brought the little girl down.

Grandmother Spider brought the little girl down

"Now," she warned, "tell this girl's mother to keep her shut in a room for five days and five nights until the Witch-owl goes away. If the Owl hears the little girl crying she will take her away again."

The men took the little girl home and told her mother what Grandmother Spider had said.

Her mother was so happy to have her back that she dared not risk any chances of losing her again; so she put her into a room and locked the door, as Grandmother Spider had said.

On the third day the little girl cried so hard that her sister felt sorry. She opened the door and let the little girl go out.

The Witch-owl was waiting and listening. As soon as the little girl came outside crying, she swooped down and carried her away.

This time they looked on the cliff and everywhere for many days, but whatever became of the cry-baby no one ever knew.

THE NORTH STAR

(*Nambe*)

Once upon a time a fierce tribe of strange warriors came down upon the little Indian village. They shot and killed all of the men and women and children with their bows and arrows. No one was left except two little brothers and their grandfather, who were away from home gathering wood.

One day these little boys went to their grandfather and asked: "Tay-tay, please make us bows and arrows so that we may learn to hunt."

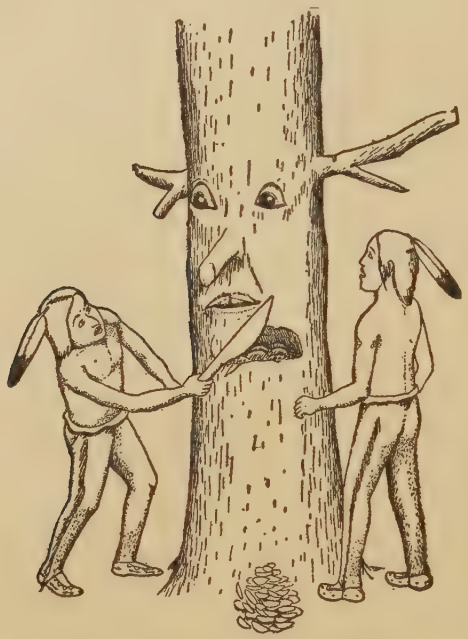
"I will make the bows and arrows," replied their grandfather, "if you will bring me the little cedar tree growing beside the spring to make them of."

He gave them a knife and the boys went happily away to cut down and bring home the little cedar tree by the spring.

But when they began to chop the tree it cried out, "Ouch! Do not cut me. It hurts."

The boys were astonished; but they kept on chop-

ping. Again the voice in the tree cried out: "Do not hurt me. I am your father. I was changed into



"Ouch! Do not cut me. It hurts"

this cedar tree. You alone, my sons, can lift the spell and make me a man again."

"How?" asked the boys at once.

"Your Grandfather will tell you," replied the voice.

The boys ran back to their grandfather as fast as they could. "Tay-tay," they panted, "a voice in the cedar tree beside the spring says that the tree is our father and that we alone can change him back to a man. How can we do it?"

"You will have to catch the Giant Star-man, who runs across the world at night and hides in his cave in the West. You can have only one trial. If he gets into his cave before you catch him, you will be changed into trees, too, and never have another chance to chase him. For four days you must practice and on the fifth day you must either catch him or perish."

"Bring to me the heart of the cedar tree," continued their grandfather, "so that I may make it into bows and arrows. It is only with the heart of your father that you can kill this Giant Star-man."

The boys went and cut down the cedar tree by the spring as gently as they could. When they got back their grandfather made them each a bow and a quiver of arrows. Then he took a dried corn leaf and lighted the end of it.

"Now," said he, "you boys must run South to the other side of the world and back again before this leaf burns up."

They set out running South to the other side of

"You boys must run to the other side of the world and back before this leaf burns up"

the world; but when they got back, the leaf had all burned up a while before their return.

"If you expect to catch the Giant Star-man," said their grandfather, "you will have to run faster than that."

Next day the old man lighted another dried corn leaf and the boys ran away to the East. They went

faster to the other side of the world and back. When they returned the leaf had just finished burning.

"To-morrow," said their grandfather, "you must do better still." And he was glad when the boys returned from their trip to the North and back the following day *just before the leaf finished burning.*

"But," he warned the boys, "you must do better than that."

The fourth day they ran to the West and when they got back, *the leaf was only half burned up.*

"That is fine!" exclaimed their grandfather. "To-morrow you must chase the Giant Star-man with your bows and arrows and shoot him before he enters his cave in the West. If you succeed you will set your father free."

The boys arose early the next morning and ran with all their might to the big cave in the West. They ran faster than ever and reached there ahead of the Giant Star-man. They hid themselves on each side of the mouth of the cave.

Just as the Giant Star-man came racing up to enter his cave, the boys pulled their ready bows and

shot their magic heart arrows into the center of the Giant Star-man.

And behold! as he fell dead, the arrows in his center changed into the father of the two boys.

They seized the Giant Star-man and hurled him toward the North. He stuck in the sky and there he remains forever as the North Star.

The happy boys led their father home. When they reached the village all of the other people had come back to life. They were dancing and singing and rejoicing. When they saw the boys with their father, they danced around them in a big circle. And they all made merry together.

They danced around them in a big circle

GRANDMOTHER SPIDER'S TRANSFORMATION

(*Combination of Laguna legends, collected at Seama*)

Once upon a time a great army of storm people came upon the earth. They destroyed all of the animals and birds and shut up all the people in a great cave. Only two little brothers, their grandfather and the fairy people were left.

The little boys grew lonely for their playmates and friends. "Tay-tay," they asked their grandfather, "how can we find the door to the cave, so that we may open it and let our people out?"

"Perhaps if you get up early, my sons," replied their grandfather, "and ask the Dawn-lights, the guides of the Sun, they may be able to tell you. They see everything. They may know where the door is."

So the two brothers got up early the next morning and went out to meet the Dawn-lights.

"Guides of the Sun," they called to the Dawn-lights. "Please tell us where we can find the door

of the great cave, so that we can open it and let our friends come out again."

"Go to the West," whispered the Dawn-lights on a gentle breeze.

"How can we find the door to the cave?"

Immediately the two brothers set out for the West. They were growing very tired and discouraged. They were almost ready to give up the hunt when at last they saw the great rock door shutting the mouth of the cave. They pushed and they shoved.

Grandmother spider shakes sand out of her moccasin. The sand turns into animals.

They bumped and they butted with all their might, but the door would not budge.

They were breathless and almost ready to cry, when a voice called to them.

"Why are you so sad, my boys?" They looked up and there stood a fairy-woman. It was kind Grandmother Spider.

"We are lonely, Grandmother Spider," replied the boys.

"Why are you lonely when you have each other's company?" reproved Grandmother Spider.

"We have each other's company," explained the boys, "but we have nothing to do. There are no longer any animals to hunt."

"Yes," said the Spider fairy. "You are old enough now to learn to hunt. There must be animals for you."

So saying Grandmother Spider sat down upon a rock and pulled off her right moccasin to shake the sand out of it. As the sand poured out, each grain changed into an animal. There were buffaloes, antelopes, deer, sheep, mountain goats, rabbits, foxes,

coyotes, and all kinds of beasts. They ran away in all directions, two of a kind keeping together.

"Thank you, Grandmother Spider," said the boys rather wistfully.

And Grandmother Spider asked, "Are you not yet happy?"

"It will be so silent as we hunt," answered the boys. "There are no birds singing in the pine thickets."

"You are right. It is quiet," agreed Grandmother Spider. She removed her left moccasin, and as she shook out the sand, each grain became a bird. The birds flew away singing and flapping their wings.

But still the boys seemed sad.

"What is it now that troubles, my boys?" asked Grandmother Spider, the kind fairy.

"We miss our friends. We want them back again," said the boys. "And we cannot open the door."

"Well, that I cannot do either," sadly spoke Grandmother Spider. "There is only one person who can open the door. She guards her secret carefully. She would be angry if I sent you to her."

The boys turned away so sadly that Grandmother Spider felt sorry for them. She pitied them so much that she called them back again.

"If you will not tell any one who told you, I will tell you who can open the cave door for you."

The boys promised not to tell.

"Go to Badger-woman. She is the chief of the medicine women. She can open it. But be careful. Do not let her know that I told you or she will be very angry. She would punish me."

The boys thanked Grandmother Spider and went happily away to the Badger-woman.

They found her sunning herself in her doorway.

"Grandmother Badger," asked the boys, "please, can you not tell us how to open the door of the cave to let our friends come out? We are very lonely without them."

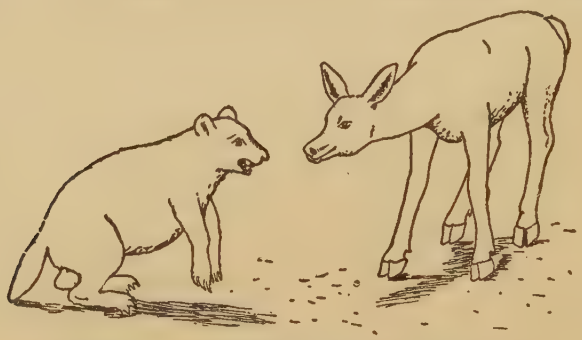
"Who told you that I could open the door?" And Grandmother Badger looked so straight at them that the boys trembled.

They did not know what to answer.

Then Grandmother Badger invited them into her house and gave them some food to eat. While they were chatting together, Grandmother Badger inquired of them, "Whom have you seen to-day?"

"We have seen Grandmother Spider," replied the boys. "She was very good to us."

But before they could tell her what Grandmother Spider had done for them Grandmother Badger



Grandmother Badger called her pet antelope fawn

said angrily: "So it was the Spider-fairy who told you that I could open the cave door."

The boys looked at each other in distress. They had not intended telling on their kind friend. Grandmother Badger had trapped them.

"In punishment," said Grandmother Badger,

"from this day on the Spider fairies shall be insects and spin their own houses."

Then she said: "Since you already know that I can open the door of the cave, I can no longer keep my secret. I shall open it for you; but you must wait four days."

Then Grandmother Badger called her pet antelope fawn to her.

"Go," she said to the fawn, "and butt down the cave door."

The fawn struck the door of the cave; but he was too small and the door did not budge. But the blow made him grow bigger and stronger.

The second day he struck the door again and grew bigger and stronger still. On the third day, when he struck it, he grew very big and powerful. He was a grown-up antelope then with great antlers.

And on the fourth day he butted the door down in a cloud of dust.

And out came all the people rejoicing to meet the happy boys.

CLIFF-DWELLER AND THE CORN MAIDEN *

(*Laguna*)

I

There was another false-hearted man, who lived upon the shelf of a high, high cliff. Far below his house was the flat land where other people lived and far above it arose a steep rock wall. He was called Cliff-dweller. And no one else knew the secret path that led to his high up home. No one could come to it nor leave it.

He, too, lived with his mother.

He used to steal young girls; blindfold them; and carry them up with him to be his wives. But he would soon grow tired of each of them; and one by one he hid them away in a cave.

Every day Cliff-dweller used to go to the edge of the sea to hunt or to play with Storm-cloud and left his wife at home to work.

* Another version of the Acoma story, called in this collection, "An Indian Bluebeard."

A beautiful girl, named Corn-tassel, lived in the White village. One day as he was returning from the edge of the sea, Cliff-dweller saw her making pottery in the sunshine. Her face was so pretty and her hair was so shiny that he snatched her up and

Cliff-dweller saw Corn-tassel making pottery in the sunshine

ran away with her to his home in the cliffs. There he married her and for a while he was good to her.

But one day he grew tired of her, too. He decided he would put her away in his secret cave with his other wives; and then he could go and get another one. But he wanted an excuse for punishing her.

He called her to him.

"Corn-tassel," he commanded, pointing to a room full of ears of blue corn, "you must shell all of this blue corn to-day and grind it into meal. When I return home this evening, I shall punish you if it is not done."

And he went away to spend the day hunting with Storm-cloud.

Corn-tassel went into the room. It was so full of ears of corn, all the way up to the ceiling, that she could scarcely squeeze in. She looked at it and knew that her day's task was impossible. She could not shell and grind more than a small part of it in one day, so she sat down and wept.

Grandmother Spider was passing by and heard her crying. She came hurriedly in.

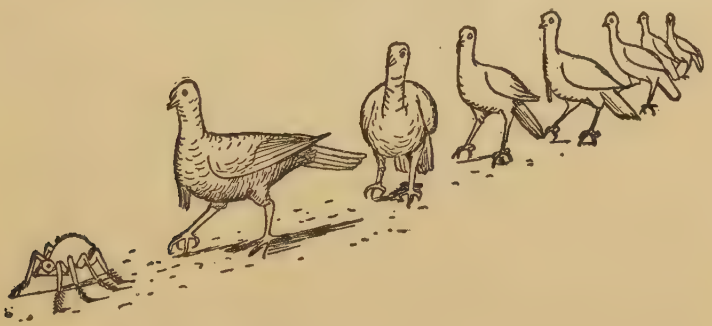
"Why do you weep, my dear child?" she asked.

"Because I must shell and grind all of this blue corn before Cliff-dweller returns home to-night, or he will punish me. I am afraid he will kill me. I cannot possibly grind it all." And big tears rolled down Corn-tassel's cheeks.

"Do not cry, dear Corn-tassel, for I will help you. Wait for a moment until I return."

Then Grandmother Spider went out and came again bringing her flock of magic turkeys with her.

Corn-tassel had already begun to shell the blue corn. Grandmother Spider helped her and the tur-



Grandmother Spider brings her flock of magic turkeys

keys ground it up as fast as it was shelled. Before sundown the task was finished. Baskets and baskets full of blue cornmeal stood around the floor.

When Cliff-dweller came in all ready to punish Corn-tassel, he was surprised to see the corn all ground into meal. He was angry, too.

"To-morrow," he exclaimed, "you shall grind all

of the white corn in the big room or I shall punish you when I return."

The next morning Cliff-dweller led Corn-tassel to the room filled up to the ceiling with long ears of white corn. The room was almost twice as large as the blue corn room; and as soon as Cliff-dweller left her, Corn-tassel wept again in despair.

But Grandmother Spider was listening. She knew what would happen, so she was waiting with her turkeys to help.

"Do not cry," she said to Corn-tassel, "we can shell the white corn as easily as we did the blue corn.

"But there is so much more of it," sighed Corn-tassel, "and it took us all day yesterday to grind the blue corn. We cannot possibly grind twice as much to-day."

"You must have more faith, my child," corrected Grandmother Spider. "I have told my turkeys to work twice as fast."

So, sure enough, before sundown all of the white corn was shelled; ground into meal; and placed in baskets around the room.

The corn was ground into meal and placed in baskets around the room

When Cliff-dweller returned—so sure that Corn-tassel had failed this time to do what he had commanded—he was surprised when she showed him the baskets of white cornmeal.

He was so disappointed that he said nothing.

The third morning he led Corn-tassel to two great rooms leading into each other. One was filled to the ceiling with ears of red corn; and the other with ears of corn of mixed colors: blue and white and red and white.

"You are getting so clever with your grinding, Corn-tassel," he said, "that you must grind all of the corn in both of these rooms to-day: the red corn and the corn of mixed colors. If you do not do so, I shall send you away and get someone who can grind it. I must have a wife who can work."

Then he went again to hunt with Storm-cloud.

Corn-tassel felt sure this time that she would be punished. Even Grandmother Spider, she thought, could not get so much done in one day. And once more she sat down in despair.

But Grandmother Spider came in and scolded

her. "I have brought twice as many turkeys to-day," she said, "so we must get to work."

They worked hard all day. And just before sunset the meal from the red corn and the corn of mixed colors was all nicely arranged in baskets around the two rooms.

II

Once more Cliff-dweller was astonished and angry.

"You grind so well, Corn-tassel, that I shall try you on another task. To-morrow you must bring me a jar of water from the White Lake before I return home from the hunting grounds beside the sea."

Now the White Lake was miles and miles away across the mountains. Corn-tassel set out sorrowfully on her long journey with a water jar upon her head.

After she had walked a long distance she sat down to rest. When she thought of her punishment she grew very sad.

But Grandmother Spider had not forsaken her. She came to Corn-tassel.

"Be not sad, my child," she consoled. "You cannot possibly go to the lake and back again to-day; but I will bring the lake to you."

And presently the lake with its waving water appeared far down the road. Gradually it came nearer and nearer until it flowed at Corn-tassel's feet. She dipped up a jar of its queer tasting water. And as slowly as it had come, it moved away again and disappeared over the mountains.

Corn-tassel took the water in to Cliff-dweller just as he returned from hunting with Storm-cloud.

"What water is this?" asked Cliff-dweller with a scowl. "No human could have gone to White Lake and returned so soon. Let me taste it. I can tell if you are trying to fool me."

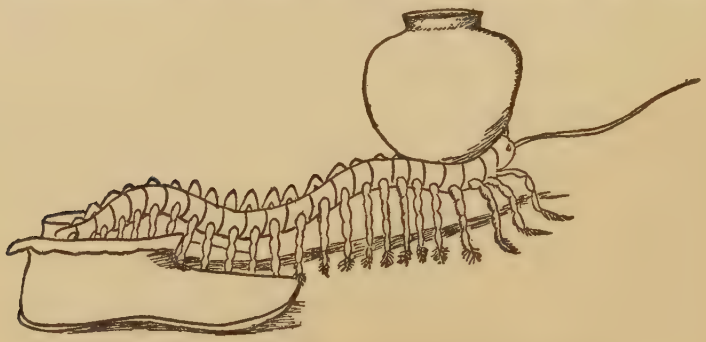
Cliff-dweller tasted the water in the jar. It was truly the water of White Lake. He looked at Corn-tassel.

"There is something queer about your being able to travel so great a distance. Some one must have brought it to you."

Then he added: "To-morrow you shall go twice

as far to Blue Lake and bring me a jar of water. If you do not bring it yourself, I shall kill you for deceiving me."

Corn-tassel trembled with fear. But the next morning before daylight, she set out toward Blue Lake with the jar upon her head. She had not gone



"I shall get Thousand-legs to bring the water for you"

far on her sad way, before Grandmother Spider came to help her once more.

"Corn-tassel," she said, "give me your moccasins. Cliff-dweller does not believe that you brought the water from White Lake on yesterday. He will track you to see whether or not your moccasin prints go to Blue Lake and back. You could not even go halfway there and back in one day; but I shall get

Thousand-legs to bring the water for you. He will wear your moccasins to leave their print along the trail. He travels so fast that he can easily bring the water for you."

So Corn-tassel gave her moccasins to Grandmother Spider. Grandmother Spider took them with the water-jar to Thousand-legs. And Thousand-legs left Corn-tassel's footprints all along the way. He brought back the salty water of Blue Lake before Cliff-dweller returned from Storm-cloud's.

Corn-tassel took the jar of water in to Cliff-dweller. He tasted it; and then he smashed the jar upon the floor in his anger. He went out to follow her tracks and when he came back he stormed: "Corn-tassel, you are a witch! I am going to kill you. I am going away on a long hunt. But four days from now I shall return. And then I shall throw you over the cliffs and kill you. You are a witch!"

Corn-tassel went with the terrible news to Grandmother Spider.

"Do not worry, my dear. Cliff-dweller shall not

kill you. Wait here until I return; but do not grieve."

Grandmother Spider went to her home and for three days she spun a long web. She rolled it into a ball and brought it to Corn-tassel. Then she led Corn-tassel to the edge of the cliff.

She pointed to a little house away in the distance. "Go to that house, Corn-tassel," she said. "It is the home of my sister. She will help you and she will show you the way to your mother's home."

"Now hold tight to the end of this web," continued Grandmother Spider. "Do not look up or the web will break and you will tumble to your death. Shut your eyes, hold tight, and I will lower you to the foot of the cliff."

Corn-tassel did as she was told. She held tight to the end of the web and shut her eyes. Grandmother Spider unwound the ball and gently let her slip down, down to the ground far below.

When she reached the bottom Corn-tassel waved farewell to Grandmother Spider and went on her way. As she hurried along, she heard a loud rumbling

behind her. It was the voice of Storm-cloud. Looking up she saw him chasing after her in his dark cloud chariot, bringing Cliff-dweller with him.

They sent darts of lightning after her

They thundered to her to stop. They sent darts of lightning after her; but she ran on until she came to the other Grandmother Spider's door. The door was far too small for her to enter. But she knocked upon it anyway; she was so frightened.

Grandmother Spider called, "Come in."

"I cannot come in, Grandmother Spider. I am Corn-tassel. Your door is too little for me to get through and your house is too small to hold me. Please help me! Storm-cloud and Cliff-dweller are chasing me. Cliff-dweller is going to kill me!"

"Put your foot upon the door-sill!" called Grandmother Spider, as she hastened to meet Corn-tassel.

Corn-tassel put her foot upon the door-sill and the door grew higher and bigger, until it was large enough for Corn-tassel to enter.

"Now come in quickly," urged Grandmother Spider.

Just as Corn-tassel entered the house, Storm-cloud threw a dart of lightning at her and his voice thundered to her to stop. But she was safe inside Grandmother Spider's house.

Cliff-dweller urged Storm-cloud to send down big rain arrows upon the house and great hailstones to break it into pieces. He begged the winds to blow it over; but Grandmother Spider's house stood firm. It was lined with magic pitch and roofed with magic

clay. The lightning struck it time and time again. The wind blew hard against it. The hailstones pelted it. But it did not crumble.

Then Cliff-dweller jumped down from Storm-cloud's chariot. He came to the door of the house and began beating it down with his great hatchet.

Grandmother Spider and Corn-tassel were ready for him. They had armed themselves with magic flint arrows. When the door fell in, they shot their arrows into Cliff-dweller's false heart and he tumbled over dead on the doorstep.

Then Grandmother Spider threw him away on the desert. She led Corn-tassel to the door of Cliff-dweller's cave. Together they pushed it open and all of the wives came out. They all thanked Grandmother Spider kindly for saving them; and Corn-tassel with all the others went back home to their mothers.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CLIFF-DWELLER

(*Laguna*)

Cliff-dweller's bones grew white and dry out upon the desert, where Grandmother Spider had thrown him.

Storm-cloud missed his hunting mate and grieved for him. He did not know what had become of him. He was so distressed that he forgot to send out his rain clouds over the land of the Indians. He forgot to laugh and to play. The Indians no longer heard his voice thundering in the mountains.

So the Indians danced to please Storm-cloud's mother, Reason-spirit. They begged Reason-spirit to make her son send them rain from his clouds to water their corn. So that the corn would grow to give them food.

Reason-spirit felt sorry for the Indians so she spoke to Storm-cloud.

"Why do you not drop rain upon the corn for the Indians, my son?" she asked.

"Because I am so unhappy that I forget them," he answered. "I miss Cliff-dweller so much. He never comes to play and to hunt with me any more. I cannot do anything but grieve for him. I do not know whether he is dead or alive."

"Then I shall find out for you," consoled his mother. "Bring to me a pinch of dust."

Storm-cloud blew a pinch of dust into her hand. Reason-spirit moistened her finger upon her tongue and made the dust into a little ball. She put the ball on the floor and covered it with a cloth. Then she chanted to it four times:

"Come forth, my little messenger, come forth!
Come forth, my little messenger, come forth!
Come forth, my little messenger, come forth!
Come forth, my little messenger, come forth!"

The ball of dust began to move under the cloth. It changed into a fly. The little fly flew out; buzzed around; and alighted upon Reason-spirit's hand.

"Go, little fly, and find Cliff-dweller for me," commanded Reason-spirit.

The fly flew away. Soon it returned with a speck of dried bone.

"Cliff-dweller lies dead upon the desert," said

The ball of dust changed into a fly

his mother to Storm-cloud. "Go, my son, and tell my sister, Memory, to bring his bones to me."

Storm-cloud rushed away with the message. Soon Memory came bringing the whitened bones of Cliff-dweller to her sister.

Reason-spirit made a good heart. She placed the heart upon the pile of bones. Then she covered them with her magic cloth. She stood on the north side of them and sang:

"Bones come together, together, together,
Bones come together, together, together,
Bones come together, together, together,
Bring back to us our Cliff-dweller."

The bones moved beneath the cloth and arranged themselves in order.

Reason-spirit then moved to the east side of them and sang:

"Bones join together, together, together,
Bones join together, together, together,
Bones join together, together, together,
Bring back to us our Cliff-dweller."

Then the bones rattled and rubbed beneath the blanket. And Reason-spirit stood on the south side of the blanket cloth and chanted:

"Flesh cover bones all over, all over,
Flesh cover bones all over, all over,
Flesh cover bones all over, all over,
Bring back to us our Cliff-dweller."

The cloth moved and trembled. Then Reason-spirit stood on the west side of the cloth and chanted:

"Rise up bones and good heart beat,
Rise up bones and good heart beat,
Rise up bones and good heart beat,
Let us give Cliff-dweller a seat."

Immediately Cliff-dweller stood up and threw aside the magic cloth. He was the same Cliff-dweller on the outside; but inside he had a new heart. Reason-spirit told him that his false heart had been the cause of his death. She warned him to use his good

heart now for good deeds. Then she sent him out to hunt with Storm-cloud.

Storm-cloud was so happy that he thundered all day. He sent heavy rain showers down upon the fields of the Indians and their corn grew tall and green and full of ears.

Cliff-dweller returned to his mother, who was very happy over his new heart. And he never again stole a maiden, nor shut one in his cave.

Cliff-dweller stood up and threw aside the magic cloth

YOUTH AND FIRE-BOY AND THE GIANT ELK

(Hopi)

Once upon a time a giant elk lived in a beautiful valley near an Indian village. He was as tall as a big pine tree and as big as a house; with horns like the limbs of an apple tree.

Giant-elk did not live upon grass; but ate up all the people he could find. That is why he lived in the valley near that Indian village. He wanted to be near, so that he could catch the Indians whenever they came outside of their houses. He ate up so many of them that the Indians were very unhappy.

There were two little twins in the village called Youth and Fire-boy. They decided they would take their bows and arrows, that the fairy Spider-woman had given to them, and go out to kill Giant-elk.

On the way they met Mr. Mole.

"Where are you going this nice, warm day, Youth and Fire-boy?" greeted Mr. Mole.

"We are going to kill Giant-elk," replied the boys.

"Oh, please do not go near Giant-elk," begged

Mr. Mole put his paw against his forehead and began to think

Mr. Mole. "You are so small that he will surely eat you up."

But the boys puffed out their chests and answered, "We are not afraid, Mole-man, for we have magic arrows with which to shoot Giant-elk. And we must save our people."

Mr. Mole admired the boys' courage. "But,"

warned he, "you cannot kill Giant-elk even with magic arrows. His hair is so thick that it is proof against arrows of all kinds, even magic arrows."

"Well, we will try anyway," replied the twins.

Mr. Mole put his paw against his forehead and began to think. He did not want Giant-elk to eat up these nice, brave boys. Presently he exclaimed, "Wait here, boys, and I will help you, for I have thought of a plan."

Then while Youth and Fire-boy waited Mr. Mole set to work. He dug four big holes; each one deeper than the other, with little doors between them. When he had finished that job, he ran and found where Giant-elk was lying down for his noon-day nap.

Then Mr. Mole ran back to the holes and dug a long tunnel from them up to the top of the ground, right under Giant-elk's chest. With his sharp teeth Mr. Mole began pulling hairs from over Giant-elk's heart.

The little prickles waked Giant-elk up immediately. He looked around and bellowed, "Hi there, what are you doing?"

But Mr. Mole was not frightened. He looked pleadingly at Giant-elk and answered: "Oh, please do not be angry with me, Giant-elk. You have so

Mr. Mole began pulling hairs from over Giant-elk's heart

many beautiful long hairs on your chest. I did not think you would mind giving me just a few to make a soft bed for my children. I did not mean to disturb your sleep. Will you not please give me a few more of your beautiful hairs?"

"Go ahead and take them," smiled Giant-elk, feeling flattered over his beauty, "but pull them out gently." And he laid back down again to finish his nap.

Mr. Mole busily pulled hairs until he had plucked

them all from over Giant-elk's heart and left nothing to cover his naked skin there.

Then Mr. Mole ran back through his tunnel to Youth and Fire-boy.

"Boys," he said, "this tunnel leads straight to a patch of bare skin over Giant-elk's heart. Follow it and shoot your magic arrows through the skin. You will fatally wound him. But run back quickly to this upper hole, for he will run after you when he feels the pain."

Youth and Fire-boy crept silently through the tunnel Mr. Mole had dug. When they reached the end of it, sure enough there was the patch of bare skin over Giant-elk's heart.

Together Youth and Fire-boy drew their bows and shot their magic arrows through the spot of skin. Then ran back through the tunnel as fast as they could.

But Giant-elk had leaped up when he felt the pain of the arrows. He saw the twins running away. With a loud snort he charged after them, tearing open the tunnel with his great horns as he went.

Youth and Fire-boy reached the first hole and ran into it, just as Giant-elk overtook them. He pushed his horns into the hole and tried to gore the twins; but the hole was too deep. Giant-elk was

With a loud snort he charged after them, tearing open the tunnel with his great horns as he went

so angry that he began tearing the roof off the hole.

But Mr. Mole pulled the twins in to the second hole, which was deeper. Again Giant-elk's angry horns could not reach them. He tore open the second hole; but Mr. Mole pulled the boys into the third hole, which was still deeper.

Giant-elk dug the earth away until his horns

could get into the third hole, but Mr. Mole had the boys in the last hole, the deepest one of all.

Giant-elk's heart had been bleeding all the time. And when he angrily tried to thrust his horns into the fourth hole to gore the twins to death, he fell over dead himself.

Youth and Fire-boy thanked their kind friend Mr. Mole and came out of the hole to cut up Giant-elk and take the meat home for a feast for their people.

Outside they met Mr. Chipmunk, who had heard the great noise of the fight and had come to see what was the matter.

"Good-day, Youth and Fire-boy," greeted Mr. Chipmunk. "Did you do this wonderful deed? Did you kill Giant-elk?"

"Yes," replied the boys, "we have killed him, but we have no knife with which to cut him up. What shall we do?"

"Oh," offered Mr. Chipmunk, "I will gladly cut him up for you." And Mr. Chipmunk set to work to carve the big elk with his sharp teeth.

And to show their thanks for his kindness Youth and Fire-boy each dipped a finger in the elk's red blood and marked two stripes down Mr. Chipmunk's back.

Any one who looks at Mr. Chipmunk to-day can see those two stripes that Youth and Fire-boy made down his back.

The twins packed the meat, that Mr. Chipmunk had cut for them, upon their backs to the village. It took many trips as there was so much of it. As they walked along pieces would fall from their pack and turn into the Indians that Giant-elk had eaten.

All the villagers greeted their old friends. They feasted and danced together and were very happy.

THE ANIMAL RACES

(*Taos**)

I

One day long, long ago all of the mesa and mountain folk met for a few days of racing. They went across the mesa and selected a smooth, hard track to run over; and then they selected whom should run against the other.

On the first day Mr. Fox challenged Mr. Rabbit. When they drew straws for sides in the race Mr. Fox drew the right side and had the choice of stakes.

"If I lose I will give you my heart," said Mr. Fox laughing, for he knew he could run faster than Mr. Rabbit, "and if you lose, Mr. Rabbit, I will take your heart, for I will eat you up."

"All right," agreed Mr. Rabbit, "I will race with you, but you must give me a few hours to rub my legs and get ready."

* In the original story one of the twins, who figure in so many stories, raced with the deer instead of the fox and the rabbit as here related.

And poor Mr. Rabbit hopped sadly away wondering what he could do; for he, too, knew that Mr. Fox could run faster than himself. He went back to the door of his hole to sit down to think. As he sat there his neighbor Mr. Gopher came out.

"Why are you so sad, friend Rabbit-man?" inquired Mr. Gopher.

And Mr. Rabbit told Mr. Gopher all about the

Mr. Gopher dug a network of holes

race and how Mr. Fox intended to eat him up if he lost.

"Go back to the races and I will help you," said Mr. Gopher. And Mr. Rabbit hopped slowly back, while Mr. Gopher set to work.

Quietly and quickly Mr. Gopher slipped up to

the race course, where nobody could see him. In four places he dug a network of holes and left the ground soft and full of holes on the right side, while the left side was hard and smooth. And then he

As far as they could see Mr. Fox was way ahead

slipped away to the starting place and winked at Mr. Rabbit.

"I am ready to race you, Fox-man," said Mr. Rabbit.

Mr. Coyote and Mr. Wolf bet their hearts on Mr. Fox and Mr. Gopher and Mr. Prairie-dog bet on Mr. Rabbit. "Ready, go!" they called and Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Fox started off together.

As far as Mr. Coyote and Mr. Wolf could see

them, Mr. Fox was away ahead of Mr. Rabbit. And Mr. Coyote and Mr. Wolf barked with delight. But as soon as they were out of sight Mr. Fox stepped into the gopher holes and tumbled over and over in the soft earth. Mr. Rabbit caught up and passed him.

"Good-bye, Fox-man!" he shouted.

Mr. Fox finally scrambled out of the holes and overtook Mr. Rabbit. But just as he passed Mr. Rabbit, he fell into the second group of gopher holes and broke off his hind claws. He said some awful words as Mr. Rabbit ran on ahead.

Shaking the dust off, Mr. Fox bounded ahead with his toes bleeding. He overtook Mr. Rabbit and ran past him again. But he fell into the third network of holes Mr. Gopher had dug. Once more Mr. Rabbit hopped ahead while Mr. Fox was scuffling among the many holes.

With a growl and with his front toes now bleeding, too, Mr. Fox dashed by Mr. Rabbit a third time—only to stumble into the fourth group of gopher holes. This time Mr. Fox broke his ankle;

and as he limped along Mr. Rabbit hopped ahead of him and reached the goal first.

When Mr. Coyote and Mr. Wolf saw Mr. Rabbit in the lead they growled and raged, while Mr. Gopher and Mr. Prairie-dog clapped their paws.

Mr. Fox, Mr. Coyote and Mr. Wolf were very angry for they all lost their hearts when Mr. Rabbit won. And to this day each of them has a mean, false heart in his breast.

II

Miss Antelope invited Miss Deer to race with her around the foot of the mountain.

"I shall accept your challenge," replied Miss Deer, "to race with you *around* the foot of the mountain, where you live; if to-morrow you will run with me *across* the mountain among the rocks and trees where I live."

"All right," said Miss Antelope, "that is fair enough. I bet my horns against your horns that I can beat you *around* the mountain."

"I accept," agreed Miss Deer, "but I bet you my dewclaws—my little extra hind hoofs—against

your dewclaws that I can beat you running *over* the mountain."

So it was settled that they should run two races: one around the mountain, where the ground was

Miss Antelope and Miss Deer started off around the mountain

level; and another up and down the steep, rocky sides of the mountain.

Mr. Coyote was to judge the first race and Mr. Mountain-goat was to referee the second.

At a wave of Mr. Coyote's tail Miss Antelope and Miss Deer started off around the mountain. But Miss Antelope was accustomed to running over

the level ground with long leaps, so she came bounding home far ahead of Miss Deer.

"Antelope-girl won!" called Mr. Coyote. "Give her your horns, Deer-girl!"

And Miss Deer meekly lowered her head while Miss Antelope took off her horns and attached them to her own. So that ever after the antelope does wear a prong on their horns and the deer does have no horns at all.

The next day Mr. Mountain-goat took charge of the race. When he lowered his head with a wave of his horns, Miss Antelope and Miss Deer set off running *over* the high mountain. This time Miss Deer was at home. She was accustomed to the steep rocks. She bounded across far ahead of Miss Antelope and reached the goal long before Miss Antelope came up panting.

"Deer-girl won!" shouted Mr. Mountain-goat, "Give up your dewclaws, Antelope-girl!"

And proudly Miss Antelope let them cut off her dewclaws from her hind feet. Since then she has never grown any more. And because Miss Deer

already had dewclaws upon her hind feet she gave Miss Antelope's as a present to Mrs. Cow.*

You can look yourself and see Mrs. Cow wearing them.

* Added to the original.

Resource Center

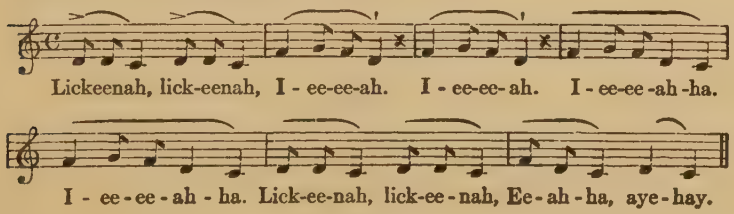
GREEN-CORN, YELLOW-CORN AND THE TWO DEER

(*Picuris Pueblo*)

Long time ago Green-Corn and Yellow-Corn were living happily in the corn field, until they heard there was to be a feast at Santa Clara. Then they grew very unhappy because they wanted to go to the feast and they had no way to go. Two Deer came along and heard them talking about their trouble.

"Meet us in the arroyo on the morning of the feast and we will take you to Santa Clara on our backs," said the Deer.

So on the feast day Green-Corn and Yellow-Corn met the two Deer in the arroyo. The corn-girls mounted their backs and the Deer trotted away to Santa Clara, singing as they went:



Green-Corn and Yellow-Corn stayed all day and frolicked at the feast. Late that afternoon the Deer brought them home again singing the same song.

The Deer brought them home again

COYOTE AND RED FOX

(*Taos*)

I

On the South side of a hill, a long time ago, lived Mr. Coyote and Mr. Red Fox. They were not very friendly, for Mr. Red Fox was afraid of Mr. Coyote, who he knew would eat him up if he got the chance.

One evening when Mr. Red Fox was out hunting he chanced to meet Mr. Coyote. So he had to think quickly of a scheme to save himself.

"Good-evening, Red Fox-man," greeted Mr. Coyote cordially. "You look fat and fine this evening."

"Thank you!" replied Mr. Red Fox. "I am very well. How are you?"

But before Mr. Coyote could answer, Mr. Red Fox added,—"The Mexicans are having a fiesta to-night. They will have all kinds of good things to eat. Would you not like to have some of them?"

"Sure, I would," responded Mr. Coyote, smacking his lips.

"Well," continued Mr. Red Fox, "the Mexicans are always kind to blind people. I tell you what

Mr. Red Fox glued his eyes shut with pine gum

we can do. We will put some pine gum into your eyes to stick them together. And then you will be blind. I will lead you to the village, where the Mexicans are having their fiesta and then you can beg them for something to eat."

Mr. Coyote agreed to the plan. And Mr. Red Fox glued his eyes shut with pine gum. Then Mr. Red Fox led Mr. Coyote to a Mexican village, where the people were all sitting quietly around as usual. The dogs ran out and began barking loudly.

"What is all this noise I hear?" asked Mr. Coyote.

"Oh, it is only the people frolicking and quarreling as Mexicans always do."

Then Mr. Red Fox turned loose Mr. Coyote's paw and left him as the dogs rushed out to chase them.

Mr. Coyote stumbled along blindly calling to Mr. Red Fox not to leave him. He rubbed and pulled at the sticky gum on his eyes as he ran from the dogs. And finally stumbled into a hole to hide just in time to save himself.

When he was safe in the hole, he got all of the gum off except a tiny black speck that you can still see in his eyes to-day.

Mr. Coyote was very angry with Mr. Red Fox for playing such a mean trick on him. So he went

back to where Mr. Red Fox had left him and followed his tracks as fast as he could.

He overtook Mr. Red Fox getting a drink in the spring. Mr. Red Fox looked up just in time to see him coming.

"Oh, Coyote-man," he called, "come quick and see what I have found! A Mexican has dropped one of his cheeses into this spring. I have been trying to get it; but it is too deep for me. You are larger than I am. Perhaps you can reach it. Let me tie some weights on you so that you can sink down to it."

Mr. Coyote looked into the spring and saw the reflection of the full moon in the water. He thought it was a sure enough cheese, so he let Mr. Red Fox trot away for leaves of soap weed. When Mr. Red Fox came back. He stripped the stout leaves into strings and tied heavy stones around Mr. Coyote's neck and waist. And then pushed him into the spring and ran away.

After Mr. Coyote reached the bottom and found that there was no cheese there, he strangled and strug-

gled until he finally bit the soap weed strings from his neck and waist. Then he came up spouting and snorting and spitting and gasping for air. He was so full of water that he was almost drowned. He

Mr. Red Fox tied heavy stones around Mr. Coyote's neck and waist

climbed out of the spring, shook himself and ran angrily off in search of Mr. Red Fox.

This time he caught Mr. Red Fox under a cottonwood tree. The old Wind-woman was blowing the leaves rapidly back and forth. And dark clouds

were gathering in the sky up above. Mr. Red Fox called out:

"Oh, Coyote-man, you are just in time. The world is coming to an end to-night. The witches have just told me. Look up and see!"

Mr. Coyote looked up through the waving leaves, and the darkening sky appeared as if it were falling.

"The witches also told me," explained Mr. Red Fox, "that all four-footed animals will be killed to-night by a great rain. Let me tie you up into a sack Coyote-man, and hang you up on the limb of this tree, so that the witches cannot find you and the rain cannot harm you."

"All right, Red Fox-man," agreed Mr. Coyote, shaking with fear. "It will be very kind of you."

Mr. Red Fox ran and found a cow-hide bag. Mr. Coyote crawled into it and Mr. Red Fox tied him up and hung him upon a limb of the cottonwood tree.

Then Mr. Red Fox gathered up pebbles and threw them over the bag like a shower of rain. Next he got small stones; then larger and still larger stones

until he pounded Mr. Coyote's head with such huge ones that Mr. Coyote seemed to be dead.

Then Mr. Red Fox ran away again and left him.

But Mr. Coyote was only unconscious. Soon he opened his eyes and gnawed himself out of the bag. He saw all of the pebbles and rocks scattered around on the *dry* ground. He knew it had not rained.

"I will catch that Red Fox-man and kill him for this," he snarled. And he ran off to find Mr. Red Fox.

II

Mr. Coyote tracked Mr. Red Fox to the low evergreen trees near an Indian village. It was day. The Indians were busy thrashing their wheat. Many wheat grains had scattered outside and a flock of crows were picking them up.

"See!" called Mr. Red Fox to Mr. Coyote. "See what a feast of crow meat we can have. You watch on this side while I run around to the other side and we can trap them."

The crows looked so delicious that Mr. Coyote watched them as Mr. Red Fox slipped away.

In a few minutes Mr. Coyote grew tired of waiting for Mr. Red Fox to appear on the opposite side, so he made a dash after the crows. They all flew

The Indians were busy thrashing their wheat

up at once and left Mr. Coyote madly clawing at their shadows by mistake.

The crows laughed, "Caw, caw," as they flew and enraged Mr. Coyote.

"That Red Fox-man has fooled me again," he growled. "I shall certainly catch him and kill him this time."

In the meantime Mr. Red Fox had run up into the hills and found two Bear-cubs playing together.

"Let me play with you, Bear-cubs," asked Mr. Red Fox. "I know a nice game we can play."

"Fine!" agreed the Bear-cubs. "What is the game?"

"First we will dig a hole," said Mr. Red Fox. "Then I will get into it. When I am in you play like I am dead and cover me up. When I call *enough* you must let me out again."

The Bear-cubs thought that would be great fun. They clapped their paws with delight.

Mr. Red Fox dug the hole and crawled in. "Ready!" he called, "now you can cover me up, but be sure to let me out when I say *enough*."

The Bear-cubs covered Mr. Red Fox very gently with sand and as soon as he called *enough*, they dug the sand away and pulled him out.

"Now it is your turn to be buried," said Mr. Red Fox. So the Bear-cubs laid down in the hole and Mr. Red Fox covered them up. But instead of letting them out when they yelled *enough*, Mr. Red Fox packed the sand down tighter and stamped it down with his feet, until the poor little Bear-cubs were smothered to death.

Then Mr. Red Fox built a fire. He took the Bear-cubs out of the hole and roasted them.

But just as they were about done and smelling savory, up came Mr. Coyote sniffing.

"You are just in time, Coyote-man," called Mr. Red Fox. "I have found some delicious cooked

The Bear-cubs laid down in the hole and Mr. Red Fox covered them up

Bear meat. Let us run a race around this mountain to see who will win the feast."

"Good!" said Mr. Coyote.

They counted, "One,two, three," and away they went in opposite directions around the mountain. But as soon as Mr. Coyote was out of sight Mr. Red Fox turned back and ate up both of the Bear-cubs.

But old lady Bear came along looking for her babies. When she saw Mr. Red Fox lying snoozing all puffed out with food, she cut him open with her sharp claws and took out her baby Bears. Then she blew on them and made them alive again.

Mr. Coyote came around the curve running so fast that he did not see Mrs. Bear. He bumped right into her. And to punish him Mrs. Bear singed off all of his hair with the burning reeds, from the fire Mr. Red Fox had made to cook her babies.

Mr. Coyote was so distressed and so ashamed of his nakedness that he forgot all about Mr. Red Fox. And it took both of them a long time to recover from their injuries.

MASTER RABBIT HAS A TOOTHACHE

(Taos)

One day Master Rabbit was hopping along playing with his shadow, when he saw a bigger shadow near by. He looked up quickly to see Mr. Coyote slipping up among the grease wood.

"My poor tooth!" groaned Master Rabbit, "It aches so bad"

Master Rabbit was caught in a trap. There was no way he could get away from Mr. Coyote, who looked awfully lean and hungry. At first Master Rabbit did not know what to do. Then suddenly he grabbed his jaws with his two front paws and moaned, "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!"

"What is the matter with you, Rabbit-boy?" growled Mr. Coyote.

"Oh, my tooth! My poor tooth!" groaned Master Rabbit. "It aches so bad!"

"Have you put any medicine on it?" asked Mr. Coyote.

"No, I have no medicine to put on it," sniffled Master Rabbit. "And it hurts so bad that I cannot go to find any. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" he cried.

"Then wait here and I will go and get you some herbs that will ease your pain," offered Mr. Coyote.

As soon as Mr. Coyote was out of sight Master Rabbit hurried away to Mr. Pole Cat's house.

"Oh, Pole-Cat-man," called Master Rabbit from the door. "Please come out and save me. Coyote-man is going to eat me up."

Mr. Pole Cat came out. "Hide in the house," he said to Master Rabbit, "and I will run Coyote-man away."

Just then they heard Mr. Coyote's voice calling, "Come here, Rabbit-boy, and help me over this

hill. I have such a load of herbs for you that they hurt my back."

But Master Rabbit ran into Mr. Pole Cat's house as quickly as he could and Mr. Pole Cat went out to meet Mr. Coyote. He walked very proudly along, waving his tail.

As soon as Mr. Coyote saw that waving tail coming toward him, he dropped his weeds and ran away as fast as he possibly could and Master Rabbit was never troubled again.

Learning Resource Center

THE INDIANS AND THE RAVENS

(*Taos*)

Once upon a time the Apache Indians were in great distress. They had no meat to eat. Buffaloes and deer all disappeared from the plains and mountains. The Indians searched and searched but they could not find out what had become of all the animals.

One day when the Indians were talking among themselves and wondering what they could do, a Raven flew over their camp.

"Come down, Raven-man," called the Indians. And the Raven alighted in their midst.

After they had talked politely for a few minutes about the rain and the weather, the Indians asked:

"We are starving for meat, Raven-man. You are a man who can go a long way on wings and can see all over the country as you fly. Can you not tell us where the buffaloes have gone?"

"No, I cannot tell you where they are. I am out

now looking for them myself. If I find them I shall come back to tell you."

But Mr. Raven had such a queer smile on his face all of the time he was saying this that the Indians grew suspicious.

They invited Mr. Raven to play games of shooting arrows with them. But he declined.

"I am sorry but I have not time to stay and play," he said.

"Let us look at your arrows then," asked the Indians, "to see how well you make them;" for they had spied some fresh buffalo blood on one of the ends sticking out of the quiver and they wanted to examine it carefully.

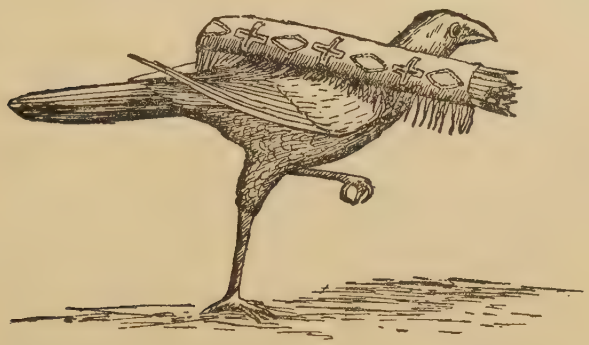
"Oh, I am ashamed of my arrows," excused Mr. Raven. "I do not want you to see how poorly they are made. I cannot show them to you."

Then as it was getting late Mr. Raven looked up and said, "Excuse me, my friends, it is growing late. I am a long way from home. I must be going back to my family. Good-bye!" And he walked away.

When Mr. Raven had gone some distance from

the Indians, he threw his quiver of arrows over his shoulder and flew away.

As he arose something fell out of his quiver. The



Mr. Raven threw his quiver of arrows over his shoulder

Indians ran to see what Mr. Raven had dropped. It was a piece of fresh buffalo meat.

"Ah-ha," they cried, "Mr. Raven knows where the buffaloes are and will not tell us. We must follow him and find out."

So they called two little Twin brothers to them. These little Twins had a magic hoop. By passing through the hoop one of them could become a Bird and the other either a Coyote or a Dog.

"Go, my sons," said the old Chief to the Boys,

"take your magic hoop with you and follow Mr. Raven. Find out for us where he kills the buffaloes."

So the Twins took their hoop. One Boy passed through it and changed into a fast flying Bird. The other Boy changed into a fast running Coyote. And they followed Mr. Raven at a safe distance so that he would not see them.

Late in the evening they saw a camp fire in a pine thicket. It was the camping place of the Crows and the Ravens.

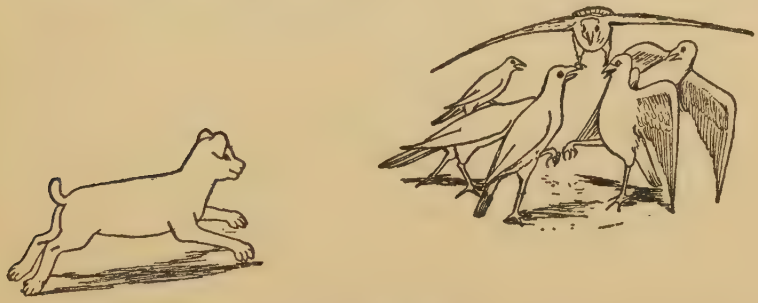
The Bird-brother flew up into the top of a pine tree to watch them while the Coyote-brother changed into a little Dog.

Then the Puppy went wagging his tail in friendly fashion up to a group of little boy Crows. The Crow-boys began to pat him and to play with him.

"Take that Dog out and kill him," yelled old Crow-chief. He means some harm to us."

"Oh, no, Grandfather," pleaded the little Crows. "He is a nice Doggy. He will do us no harm. We want to play with him. He must have been lost by the Indians. Please let us keep him."

Old Crow-chief grumbled; but he allowed the Crow-boys to keep the Puppy and play with him. They fed him fresh buffalo meat. He was so hungry that he ate greedily. Then the Puppy curled himself up and pretended to be asleep while he lis-



Then the Puppy went wagging his tail in friendly fashion up to a group of little boy Crows

tened to everything that went on among the old Crows and Ravens.

Presently the Raven-chief said, "I must go now to see that the trapdoor is securely fastened. This little Dog makes me fear that the Indians are near and may find our buffaloes while we sleep."

That was just what the Puppy-boy wanted to find out about; but he dared not follow the old Raven to where the buffaloes were.

He kept perfectly still until all of the Crows and Ravens were tucked under their wings fast asleep. Then the Puppy changed back to an Apache-boy. He whistled to his brother, who also became a Boy again. And the two circled around the camp in search of the path the Raven-chief had followed to shut up the buffaloes.

They found a narrow trail leading up to the mountains. At the end of it was the mouth of a cave, which was closed by a big flat stone.

The Boys tugged and pulled and pulled and tugged. But the stone was enchanted and they could not budge it. Then one of them thought of his magic hoop. They put the hoop upon the rock and changed it back into a beautiful Crow-girl.

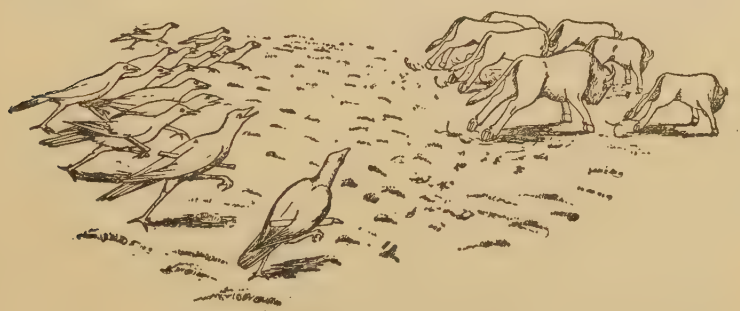
"I was bewitched and placed here to guard these buffaloes that are all trapped in this cave," said the Crow-girl. "In payment to you Boys for your kindness in releasing me, I will let you enter the cave."

But before the Twins could enter, the buffaloes saw the stars and the moonlight through the open

door. They began to bellow and snort and all together made a rush for freedom. They dashed out of the door between the two Apache-boys.

The loud noise waked the Ravens and the Crows.

"The buffaloes are loose," they shouted. And all ran with sticks to drive them back. They hit



The buffaloes made a rush for freedom

the buffaloes over their heads, on their noses and between their horns; but it did no good. The whole herd continued to run out over the plains.

For the first time the Ravens saw the Apache-boys.

"So it was you who let our buffaloes out," they cried angrily to the Boys. "It was you who owned that mean Dog." And they all ran after the Twins with their sticks.

But the Boys changed themselves into large Hawks, so that the Ravens and Crows could not catch them.

"Yes, we turned out the buffaloes," replied the Boy-hawks unafraid. "They did not belong to you. If you ever shut them up again we will kill you. You Ravens and Crows are selfish, bad people. In punishment for what you have done, from this time forth you shall live by picking the bones and heads of animals that the Indians throw away!"

The Ravens and Crows flew sadly away. And once more as Boys the Apache-twins drove the buffaloes across the plains toward the camp of their own people.

When the hungry Indians heard the loud bellowing of the charging buffaloes and saw great clouds of dust rising to the sky, they rejoiced and prepared for a hunt and a big feast afterward.

MR. COYOTE'S MELON PATCH

(Combination of San Juan stories)

Once upon a time old man Coyote had a very choice melon patch. So in order to keep his melons from being disturbed, he took his blanket and went down every night to sleep beside his patch.

Now young Master Rabbit and his friends were very hungry for some of those luscious melons. But every night when they came to steal a taste or two, there lay old Mr. Coyote on guard.

"I tell you what we will have to do, boys," said Master Rabbit one evening. "We will have to play a joke on old Coyote-man and frighten him away. Then we can have a feast."

So Master Rabbit found an old piece of white cloth. One moonlight evening just as Mr. Coyote was dropping off to sleep on his blanket beside his melon patch, Master Rabbit appeared wrapped in the white cloth. He climbed to the top of a steep hill and from there he called out:

"Old man Coyote! Old man Coyote! I am a koshare, a spirit of the dead. I have been sent here from Montezuma* to tell you that to-night the world

Master Rabbit appeared wrapped in a white cloth

is coming to an end. All of the grown-up people will disappear and some of the young ones!"

Old Mr. Coyote looked up and saw the white figure above him. With a yelp he grabbed up his blanket and went leaping home to tell Mrs. Coyote.

With trembling knees they knelt down to pray and prayed all night for the good Lord to save them.

Master Rabbit and his chums ate up all the ripe

*Montezuma is the God of the Pueblo Indians.

grown-up melons and some of the young green ones and ran away.

Next morning when Mr. Coyote fearfully peeped out of his window to see whether or not he was alive or dead, he found that the world had not come to an end. Angrily he hurried down to his melon patch.

"So some one has played a trick on me, has he?" he stormed. "I shall see who has done this."

He went up on the little hill where the koshare had appeared. There he found Master Rabbit's tracks.

"Well, Master Rabbit, I shall hang you for this," he growled. And Mr. Coyote set off in search of Master Rabbit.

Now Master Rabbit had eaten so many melons that he had fallen asleep under a cedar tree; and before he knew it Mr. Coyote had grabbed him.

"You dared to frighten me and to steal my melons, did you?" barked old Mr. Coyote, as he gave Master Rabbit a good shaking. "I am going to hang you!"

"All right, all right, Coyote-man," chattered Master Rabbit, "you may hang me; but will you promise me just one thing?"

"Yes," said Mr. Coyote crossly. "What is it?"

Mr. Coyote gave Master Rabbit a good shaking

"Promise me please, Coyote-man, that since you are going to hang me, you will let me select the tree that I am to hang on."

"That is fair enough," agreed Mr. Coyote. "I will not hang you until you have selected the tree. Here is a good cedar tree above us. How about it?"

"Oh, my blood would spatter the pretty blue ber-

ries. That would spoil the cedar tree. It would never do!"

So they went on to a pine nut tree.

"Here is a good tree," said Mr. Coyote. "I shall hang you on it."

"No," complained Master Rabbit. "The pine gum would stick to your paws and your hands when you tied me up. It would be too bad to spoil your nice fur, Coyote-man."

And they went on to a fir tree. "This is the very one," said Mr. Coyote.

"It would be all right if the limbs were not so near the ground and not so thick," explained Master Rabbit. "There is not room enough to hang me in a fir tree."

So they found a cottonwood tree.

"These limbs are high enough. I shall hang you here," suggested Mr. Coyote.

"Ker-chew! ker-chew!" sneezed Master Rabbit. "Oh dear, how the flying cotton tickles my nose and makes me sneeze. Ker-chew! ker-chew! I could never, ker-chew! keep still, ker-chew!

enough, ker-chew! to be hanged to this tree, ker-ker-ker-chew!"

And so they searched all day for a tree without finding one that Master Rabbit wanted to be hanged upon.

That night as they lay down to rest old Mr. Coyote was very tired, so he let both eyes fall asleep; even the one that was watching Master Rabbit.

As soon as he began to snore loudly, Master Rabbit, who had been pretending to be asleep for a long time, slipped away and old Mr. Coyote could never catch him again.

THE FOX AND THE SNOWBIRDS

(*Santo Domingo.*)

One day, once upon a time, the Snowbird-maidens were grinding corn to make bread.

"Let us sing," said one of the Snowbirds, "so that other birds may hear us and come to grind, too. Then we can have a jolly party."

So the birds all began to sing as they ground the meal finer and finer.

Mr. Fox was passing near and heard them singing. For Mr. Fox always had a very sharp ear for the sound of a bird's song. He made haste to go and join the Snowbirds. When he reached their house he knocked upon the door.

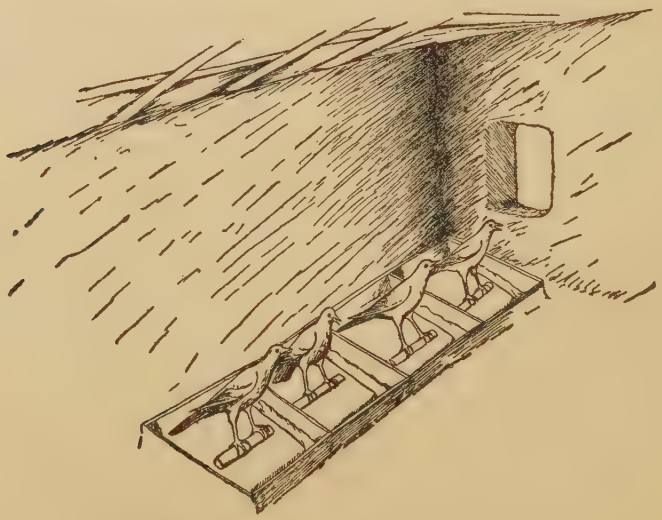
"Come in!" called the Snowbirds. And Mr. Fox walked in.

"Good-morning, Snowbird-maidens," greeted Mr. Fox. "Your singing sounded so cheerful that I brought my berries to grind with you."

The Snowbirds fluttered away in one corner by

a window and left the grinding stones for Mr. Fox.

Then Mr. Fox spread his berries over a stone and tried to grind and sing. But the berries scattered



The Snowbirds began to sing as they ground the meal

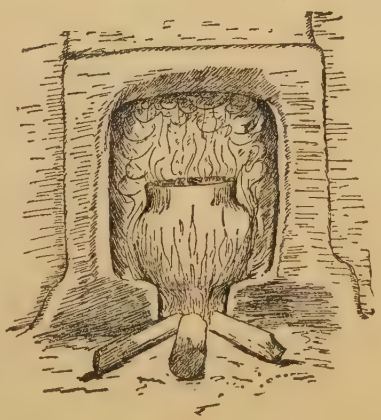
and rolled all about; and his song sounded so funny that the Snowbirds shrieked with laughter. And Mr. Fox was so ashamed of himself that he tucked his tail between his legs and ran away home.

THE GIANT AND THE BOY

(Navajo, Toadlena, N. M.)

One morning, long, long ago, a Giant, who lived in a deep canyon, said to his wife: "Wife, give me my cowhide sack. I am going out to find an Indian boy for our dinner."

His wife brought him the sack. And as he started away he called to her: "Have the pot boiling and the fire hot when I return. I shall be hungry after my walk and we must cook the boy in a hurry."



So the wife got the kindling, the wood, and the pot all ready, and the Giant went down the trail toward the Indian village.

An Indian boy, who was playing alone outside

of his village saw the big Giant coming. He ran and hid behind a rock, so that the Giant passed by without seeing him.

But after the Giant passed, the frightened boy, with his heart thumping bumpity-bump against his chest, slipped out from behind the rock to run home.

The Giant heard him running. He turned his head around and saw the boy. Then the Giant turned back quickly and with four great strides caught the boy and put him into the cowhide sack.

Then the Giant threw the sack over his shoulders and set out for his home in the canyon.

As they walked along beside the steep canyon wall, the boy snatched rocks from the wall and dropped them beneath him in the sack.

The Giant felt his sack growing heavier and heavier "I must be sick to-day," thought he. "If I were well one boy would not feel so heavy upon my shoulders. I must rest a while." So he sat down beside the wall to rest.

As soon as he settled himself he began to doze.

The boy lifted a big rock from the cliff; put the rock into the sack and after climbing on it he was high

The boy snatched rocks from the wall and dropped them beneath him in the sack

enough to scramble out of the sack. Then he ran as fast as he could and hid himself away off.

The Giant got up as soon as he felt rested and went on his journey. The pot full of water was boiling away when he reached home, for his hungry wife was watching for him.

The Giant praised her for her good fire. Then he opened the cowhide sack to dump the Indian boy into the boiling water. But instead of the boy the big rocks fell into the pot and splashed the scalding hot water into the faces of the two bad Giants and put their eyes out.

THE FOX AND THE WOLF

(*Santo Domingo*)

Mr. Fox and Mr. Wolf were neighbors. They often told each other what good friends they were and how much they loved one another.

One winter's morning Mr. Fox awoke feeling very hungry. "I shall go out in search of food," said he to himself, "or I shall starve." As he set out he met Mr. Wolf.

"Good-morning, Wolf-man," said Mr. Fox. "Where are you going this cold morning?"

"Good-morning, Fox-man," replied Mr. Wolf. "I am going out to hunt for some rabbits for my dinner. I feel very hungry to-day."

"That is a good idea," said Mr. Fox. "Rabbits are easy to catch. I am hungry, too. I think I shall hunt rabbits also."

So Mr. Wolf set out towards the North and Mr. Fox went East.

Mr. Wolf caught one rabbit after another all

day until his belt was heavy with them when he came home. But Mr. Fox only saw one Jack-rabbit with legs so long that it ran away from him.

When Mr. Fox returned and saw all of Mr. Wolf's rabbits hanging from his belt he asked, "Please, Wolf-man, give me a rabbit. I did not catch one all day to-day and I am starving to death."

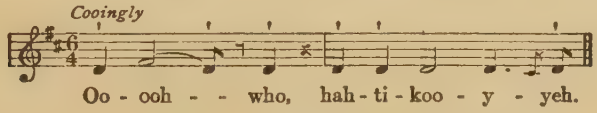
But Mr. Wolf only snarled; went into his house; and shut the door.

"Please, Wolf-man, give me a Rabbit"

THE FOX AND THE TURTLEDOVES

(*Santo Domingo**)

One bright sunny morning the Turtledoves were grinding on their sloping stones and singing:—



When Mr. Fox came along.

"Good-morning, Turtledove-maidens," he called. "How merry you are! What are you grinding to-day?"

"Oh, we are grinding up the bones of our Grandmothers to make bread," replied the Turtledoves.

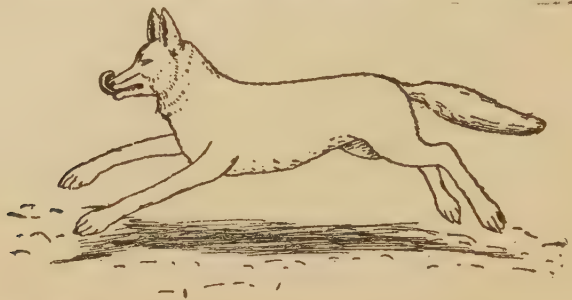
"Please let me grind with you?" asked Mr. Fox.

"You cannot grind with us unless you bring your Grandmother's bones," said the Turtledoves.

So Mr. Fox trotted to his Grandmother's house smacking his lips as he thought of the Turtledoves. He called to his Grandmother to come out to get

* The song is from a similar story of the Picuris Pueblo.

a piece of bird; and just as she did so, he took a sharp stone and struck her in the head. Old Grandmother Fox fell over dead. Then Mr. Fox brought out a blanket. He wrapped her in it and threw her



So Mr. Fox trotted to his Grandmother's house smacking his lips

over his shoulders. Then he trotted away with his load to where the Turtledoves were grinding.

When he reached the Turtledoves he dropped his dead Grandmother at their feet.

"Oh," laughed the Turtledoves, "we were only teasing you. These are acorns that we are grinding and we have finished now. But we are glad that your Grandmother has been changed to something else and cannot eat any more Turtledoves."

So with a flap of their wings they flew away and left poor Mr. Fox crying over his lost Grandmother.

THE ANT AND THE RAT CALLED "JEMEZ"*

(San Juan, Mexican influence)

One day Master Rat, whose name was Jemez,* went to Mrs. Ant's house and asked Mrs. Ant to please comb his hair for him as it was full of tangles.

When she had finished Mrs. Ant said: "Now, Rat Jemez, run along home, for I must look after my dinner. You will have to please excuse me." "Oh, let me look after the dinner for you, Mrs. Ant," offered Rat Jemez. And he darted into the kitchen to see if the meat stew was burning.

And down he splashed into the boiling stew

* Pronounced Hay'-mess.

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The stew smelled so delicious that Rat Jemez decided he would take just a wee little taste. So he reached into the pot for a piece of the meat, and down he splashed into the boiling stew.

Mrs. Ant wondered why Rat Jemez was taking so long; finally she called, "Rat Jemez! Rat Jemez!" but received no reply. Again she called but still Rat Jemez did not answer.

So Mrs. Ant decided to go to see what could be the matter. And there she found poor Rat Jemez cooking in the stew.

Mrs. Ant was so distressed that she ran out of her house wringing her hands and crying. Some Birds flew by and asked:

"Ant-woman, why are you so sad?"

"Because Rat Jemez is dead," sobbed Mrs. Ant.

"Never you mind," consoled the Birds. "We will take off our feathers in sympathy."

So the Birds dropped their feathers and flew to a Tree.

The Tree asked, "Why are you featherless, Bird-children?"

"Because Rat Jemez is dead," replied the Birds. "And the Ant is sad, so we have dropped our feathers in sympathy."

The Tree said, "Then I will shrivel up if Rat

Mrs. Ant cried and the Birds dropped their feathers

Jemez is dead; the Ant is sad; and you Birds have no feathers." So the Tree began to shrivel.

At that moment an Ox came along to rest in the shade of the Tree. He found the Tree shriveling up.

"Why are you shriveling, Tree?" wondered the Ox.

"Because Rat Jemez is dead; the Ant is sad; the Birds are featherless and I must shrivel in sympathy explained the Tree.

"Then I will grow thin," said the Ox.

The Ox went to the River to get a drink.

"Why are you so thin, Ox?" inquired the River.

"Because Rat Jemez is dead; the Ant is sad; the Birds are featherless; the Tree is shriveled and I must grow thin in sympathy," the Ox told the River.

"If that is so, I will dry up," responded the River. So all of the water in the River disappeared.

Two Indian girls came to the River with jars to fill with water.

"Why have you dried up, River?" the Girls wished to know.

"Because Rat Jemez is dead; the Ant is sad; the Birds are featherless; the Tree is shriveled; the Ox is thin; and I must dry up in sympathy," answered the River.

"Then we will break our water jars," said the Girls and they smashed their jars.

"Why have you broken your water jars?" questioned their Mother when they returned home.

"Because Rat Jemez is dead; the Ant is sad; the Birds are featherless; the Tree is shriveled; the Ox is thin; the River is dried up; and we had to break our jars in sympathy," informed the Girls.

"Then I must burn my earrings," murmured the Mother.

The Father asked her, "Why have you burnt your earrings, Wife?"

"Because Rat Jemez is dead; the Ant is sad; the Birds are featherless; the Tree is shriveled; the Ox is thin; the River is dried up; the Girls have broken their jars; and I had to burn my earrings in sympathy," rejoined the Mother.

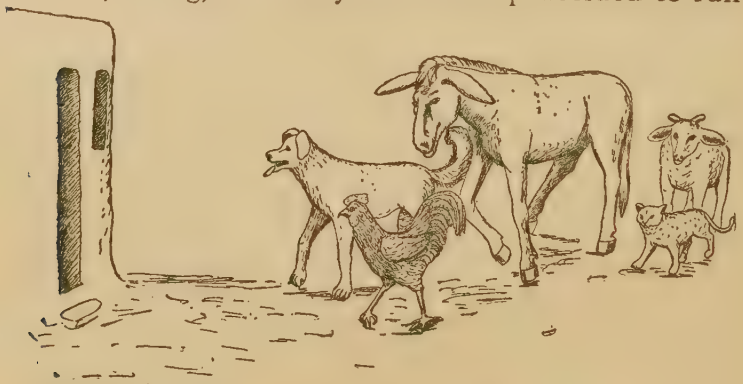
"Then I will cut off my Mare's tail," added the Father. And he cut off the Mare's tail.

"Because Rat Jemez is dead; the Ant is sad; the Birds are featherless; the Tree is shriveled; the Ox is thin; the River is dried up; the Girls have broken their jars; my Wife has burnt her earrings; and I must cut off my Mare's tail in sympathy," he said.

THE PEACEMAKING DUCK

(San Juan, Mexican influence)

Once upon a time on a winter's day, a Cat, a Rooster, a Duck, a Dog, a Donkey and a Sheep decided to run



Night brought them to the deserted summer home of an Indian family

away from their Indian master and go far away to make a home for themselves.

They traveled all day until night brought them to the deserted summer home of an Indian family.

"Let us stop here for the night," suggested Mr. Rooster.

"Why not go on? I can see to lead the way," interposed Mr. Cat.

But the other travelers agreed with Mr. Rooster, so they prepared themselves for the night. Mr. Cat sought the ashes in the fireplace and curled himself up among them. Mr. Rooster flew up on a pole hanging from the *vigas** across the ceiling. Mr. Dog lay down upon a pile of wheat straw. But the Donkey and the Sheep huddled close together outside.

At midnight four Coyotes came prowling in search of food. They saw the Sheep and each one wanted to kill him.

"He is mine. I saw him first," growled one Coyote.

"You shall not have him, for I saw him first," snarled another Coyote.

"Neither of you saw him first," howled a third Coyote. "It was I who saw him first. I shall kill him for myself."

"No, that Sheep belongs to me! Nobody shall have him but me," barked the fourth Coyote.

And so they howled and growled and barked and

* Log beams supporting the dirt roof.

snarled and quarreled while the poor frightened Sheep pressed closer to the Donkey.

Just then Mr. Duck, who traveled so slowly that he had been left far behind by his companions, waddled up quacking, "*Pax, pax, pax!*" (Peace, peace, peace.)

The Coyotes, not knowing what it was, bounded away in a hurry and peace was restored.

Mr. Duck waddled up quacking, "*Pax, pax, pax*"

THE GIANT LIZARD

(Taos, Mexican influence)

Many years ago there lived a man with his wife, their three daughters and a baby brother. They were poor, for the man was only a woodhauler. Every day he would go up into the mountains with his four little donkeys and load them with sticks of firewood. In the afternoon he would drive them to market; and after selling his wood he would return home in the evening.

One day when he struck a stump the third time with his ax to split it in two, a great Lizard sprang from the opening he had made.

"Who hit my house?" thundered the Lizard.

The man was so frightened that he drew back and did not answer.

"It was you!" the Lizard said as he pointed to the man's ax. "You must repay me for this damage you have done to my house."

"But," complained the man, "I have nothing with

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which to repay you; for I have nothing but my wife, my children and my four donkeys."

"Well," replied the Lizard, "bring me one of your daughters to be my wife!"

The man went sorrowfully home. The next morn-

A great Lizard sprang from the opening

ing when he set out for the mountains he told his oldest daughter to get ready to go with him.

But when they reached the Lizard's stump and the man struck it with his ax, the Lizard jumped out and frightened the girl, who sprang back with a scream.

This displeased the Lizard. He looked at the girl and said, "She is too ugly. Bring me another daughter!"

So the next day the man took his second daughter to the Lizard's stump in the mountains. But she, too, did not please the Lizard, so he ordered the poor man to bring his third daughter.

When the man reached the stump with his youngest daughter, the Lizard jumped out once more, but the girl only drew back and did not scream. The Lizard looked at her and saw that she was very beautiful.

So the Lizard took the girl into the stump door and they disappeared leaving the poor man weeping and wringing his hands.

When the baby brother grew up to be a big Boy, his father told him about his beautiful sister and how the great Lizard had taken her from them. So the young brother determined to find her and bring her back. He asked his mother for a lunch and set out upon his long journey.

After he had traveled a long way the Boy came

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to a place where a Lion, an Eagle, a Hawk and an Ant were fighting over the meat of a dead deer.

"I want this meat. It is mine," growled Mr. Lion.

But Mr. Eagle and Mr. Hawk kept busily pick-

A Lion, an Eagle, a Hawk, and an Ant were fighting over the meat of a dead deer

ing at it and Mr. Ant, without a word, continued carrying away bit after bit in his mouth.

When the Boy came along he asked, "Why do you quarrel, my friends? There is enough for all. Let me divide it for you."

So the Boy divided the deer meat. To Mr. Lion,

who was the biggest, he gave the largest share. Next in size came Mr. Eagle; then Mr. Hawk; and least of all was Mr. Ant, who was quite content with his small bit.

As the Boy went on his way, Mr. Lion called him back. "Take this hair from my chest," he said to the Boy, "as my thanks to you. Whenever you want to be a Lion place the hair upon your chest and you will immediately turn into the king of beasts."

Mr. Eagle and Mr. Hawk also thanked him; each with the gift of a feather, which would change him into an Eagle or a Hawk at his will.

But the little Ant had neither hairs nor feathers and at first he did not know what to give the Boy.

"If I give the Boy the hind end of my body," thought Mr. Ant, "I shall give away my legs with it and I shall have no hind legs to walk with. If I give him a single leg, I shall have to walk sideways, for I would lose my balance. I shall have to give him one of my feelers."

So the little Ant finally offered the boy one of his

feelers, so that he might turn into an Ant if he so wished.

The Boy went on. He grew tired and hungry. Soon he saw a Girl herding sheep. There were so many sheep that she was having difficulty, so the Boy ran and helped her to round them up.

"I thank you very much," said the Girl. "If you will go home with me my father will thank you, too."

The Boy was so hungry and so tired that he accepted the Girl's invitation and went with her to her home.

After hearing of the Boy's kindness the father offered to give the Boy new moccasins and lunch for his journey if he would remain a few days to help his daughter with the sheep.

"For," explained the father," we have to be very careful not to let our sheep wander to the spring on our east. A big Water Buffalo lives there who will eat up all of them. The grass is sweet around the spring and the sheep like to pasture there; so they are difficult to herd."

The Boy accepted his job and went with the Girl to herd the sheep. But, just as he was told, the sheep ran away to the grass about the spring and the Water Buffalo came out to devour them.

Quickly the Boy drew out the hair that Mr. Lion had given him. He put it on his chest and turned

The sheep ran away to the grass about the spring

into a Lion himself. Then he sprang upon the Water Buffalo and they fought all day long, but neither could kill the other. The next day the same thing happened and the Boy-Lion fought the Water Buffalo until each was exhausted.

"Give me a drink of spring water!" bellowed the

Water Buffalo to the frightened Girl, who stood watching the fray. "So that I can kill this Boy."

But the Girl gave a drink of the fresh spring water to the Lion instead; and the Lion was so strength-

He sprang upon the Water Buffalo

ened that with his sharp teeth and claws he tore the Water Buffalo's breast open to his heart. And out of his heart fell a box. The box burst open as it fell and a dove flew out and winged itself away.

"Catch the dove," excitedly called the Girl. And the Boy-Lion changed himself into a Hawk with his gift feather and flew after the dove.

When the Hawk's sharp claws clutched the dove,

the dove's breast ripped open and an egg dropped from its heart. The Boy-Hawk caught the egg as it fell and brought it as a present to the Girl.

"We must take it to my father," said the Girl. "It is the only thing that will kill our neighbor the Lizard, who turns into a Giant when his Lizard skin is off. Nothing can kill him but this egg striking upon his forehead."

But the Boy did not wait to hear more. He knew now where his sister was and how he could kill her Giant husband. So changing himself into an Eagle, he flew with the egg to the home of the Lizard.

The Giant saw the Eagle when it flew near. He reached up his long arm; caught the Eagle and tied him by his leg to a stake beside his house. As soon as the Giant went away the Boy changed from an Eagle to an Ant and slipped through the rope.

Then as an Ant he crept into the house to find his sister. He found her sleeping. Quickly he changed back into the Boy and after waking her, he whispered, "I am your brother. Do not step upon me nor kill me when I turn myself into an Ant. I

have come to kill the Giant Lizard and set you free."

So saying he turned again into an Ant. And, with the egg held firmly in his front legs, the Boy-Ant crept into the Giant's room. The Giant lay sleeping soundly with his Lizard skin hanging upon the wall.

With the egg the Boy-Ant crept into the Giant's room

With all his strength the Boy threw the egg against the Giant's forehead. It broke and with a thunderous yell the Giant sprang up and fell back again dead.

He turned into a mountain of stone and the Boy chipped off a piece of the stone to take along with him. Then with his happy sister he set out on his long homeward journey.

Each nightfall, when the two were ready to rest and to sleep, the Boy took out the piece of stone he had brought. He marked with it the shape of

a house on the ground and immediately a house would spring up. The Boy and his sister would sleep in it and the next morning the house would disappear and they would walk on until night came again.

And when they reached home there was great rejoicing.

THE INSECT-MAN AND THE FOX

(*Acoma*)

An Insect-man once planted a patch of squashes to store away for his winter's food. One day when

Then he licked each squash to taste it

he went to weed his patch, he found one of his squashes almost eaten up.

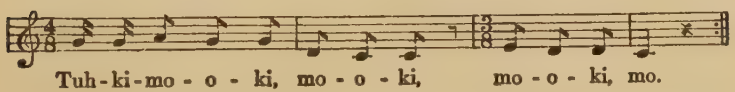
"Who has been stealing my squashes?" chirped Mr. Insect-man.

Then he sat down to think. After a while he took a sharp stick and went from one squash to another. He stuck the point of the stick into each squash and tasted it. When he found the sweetest squash, he gnawed a hole in it and crawled inside.

"Now," he buzzed to himself, "I shall find out who has been eating my squashes!"

Just then Mr. Fox came trotting along smacking his lips. He stopped beside the squash patch. Then he licked each squash to taste it. When he came to the sweet one where Mr. Insect man was hiding, he bit and bit into it until he had swallowed every morsel of it—Mr. Insect-man, and all.

When Mr. Insect-man was down inside Mr. Fox's stomach he found it very dark indeed. But he went about his work feeling his way and singing:—



Mr Fox wondered who it was that he heard singing. He looked around first on one side and then on the other, but he could not see anyone. So he trotted along puzzling and wondering, for he could continuously hear that singing.

In the meantime Mr. Insect-man was hard at work. He crawled to a big black lump inside Mr. Fox and listened. "That must be his liver, for it

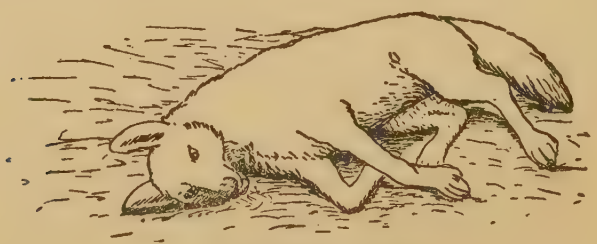
is dark and heavy," hummed Mr. Insect-man. "I am not looking for that."

Mr. Insect-man crawled on again. "These are his lungs, for I hear his breath whistling through. I am not looking for them, either."

"Ah-ha, here it is," he whispered, as Mr. Insect-man crept close to Mr. Fox's heart. "I know this is his heart for I can hear it thumping."

So Mr. Insect-man took his sharp stick and pushed it with all his might through Mr. Fox's heart and Mr. Fox fell over dead. Then Mr. Insect-man crawled out of his prison inside Mr. Fox and went along home singing his song.

And when Mr. Fox came to life again he never stole another squash. And that is the reason that now-a-days foxes do not eat squashes.



Mr. Fox fell over dead

Learning Resource Center

THE GREEN PARROT

(San Juan, Mexican influence)

Once a man and his daughter, Maria Grace, lived alone near a woman, who was a Witch, and her daughter. They did not know that the woman was a Witch, so every day while her father was at work the lonely little girl Maria Grace would go over to the woman's house to get fire from her fireplace to start her own fire. And each day the woman gave Maria Grace honey soup to eat.

One day Maria Grace asked her father, "Why do you not marry this woman, Tah, so that I may have a mother and a sister to play with? She is a good woman. She gives me sweet soup to eat."

"To-day she gives you honey; to-morrow she may give you gall," replied Tah.

But finally Tah listened to Maria Grace's pleadings and married the Witch.

One day, after they had been married some time, when the father went out to work he asked Maria

Grace and the Witch's daughter, "What shall I bring you for presents to-day?"

He brought only the presents for Maria Grace

"Bring me a green jar and a green belt," answered Maria Grace.

"Bring me a silk shawl," replied the other girl.

Tah had not gone far when he found a green jar and

a green belt; but try as hard as he could there was no silk shawl to be had. So when he returned home that evening he brought only the presents for Maria Grace.

From that time on the Stepmother began treating Maria Grace cruelly whenever Tah was away. So one night when Tah was away on a long hunting trip the Stepmother shut Maria Grace into a room full of ears of corn and told her to shell and grind them all before morning.

Maria Grace knew that her job was impossible, so she sat down and cried. Early in the morning the Stepmother called to her, "Maria Grace, what have you done?" But Maria Grace was weeping so that she could not answer and the Stepmother did not open the door all day.

The second night while Maria Grace was shut into the room, a Green Parrot hopped out of the green jar beside her.

"Maria Grace, why do you weep?" asked the Green Parrot.

"Because my Stepmother has given me an impossible task to perform," answered Maria Grace.

"Well, do not cry," consoled the Green Parrot, "I will help you out of your troubles."

"What can you do for me, little bird?" sobbed Maria Grace afresh. "You are even smaller than I."

A Green Parrot hopped out of the jar

"Look at me," said the Bird. "I am a Prince. I have been placed under an enchantment by a cruel Witch. If you will think of me and will marry me, I will save you from your Stepmother."

Maria Grace looked up as she was commanded. "If you will take me out of this trouble, I will marry you," she said.

"Shut your eyes," directed the Green Parrot, "and when you open them again you will find yourself in another country."

It happened as the Green Parrot told her; for when the Indian girl Maria Grace opened her eyes, she was in a strange country near the palace of a king.

The Green Parrot, who had brought her there, stood beside her. "That is my father's palace," he said. "Go there and you will find work."

Maria Grace did as she was bid. She went to the palace and was welcomed by the King. She was more beautiful than all the princesses and the King was pleased to see her.

But the Queen was jealous of Maria Grace's beauty. And when the King told the Queen to give Maria Grace work to do that she might remain in the palace, the Queen put her to work in the kitchen. Then she began to plan how she could get rid of Maria Grace.

She said to the Cook, "Go to the King, Cook. Tell him that this girl, Maria Grace, has dared to say that she can bring nine jars of birds' tears to help the Green Parrot to be released from enchantment."

For the Queen knew how anxious the King was to get back his handsome son. If he thought the girl could help him and failed, he might behead her.

The King was glad to hear what the Cook said.

"Bring Maria Grace to me," he commanded.

When Maria Grace came he said, "Child, have you said that you could bring nine jars of birds' tears to help the Green Parrot to be released from enchantment?"

"No, King. I do not know anything about birds' tears," answered Maria Grace.

"Very well," replied the disappointed King, "whether you said it or not, you must bring to me nine jars of birds' tears if you hope to live."

Maria Grace went away very sad. She did not know what to do. At that moment the Green Parrot appeared to her again.

"Why do you cry, Maria Grace?" asked the Green Parrot.

"Because the King has commanded me to bring to him nine jars of birds' tears and I do not know where to find them."

"Dry your own tears," consoled the Green Parrot. "I will get them for you."

And the Green Parrot called: "Birds, birds, birds come here and weep for the Green Parrot has found his girl and wants to get married!"

The Green Parrot brought nine green jars. Birds came from the North; birds came from the East;

The birds soon filled the nine jars with tears

birds came from the South; and birds came from the West. All came weeping and soon filled the nine jars with tears.

Maria Grace was happy. She took the nine jars to the King. The King received her with great joy. He sent her to work with the housemaids.

The jealous Queen once more began to plan to get rid of Maria Grace.

"Go," she said to the head Housemaid, "tell the King that this Indian girl has said that she can bring a birds' feather mattress to help the Prince to become disenchanted."

The Housemaid did as she was told. The King sent for Maria Grace. "Child," he said to her, "did you say that you would bring a birds' feather mattress to help the Prince to become disenchanted?"

"No, King," answered Maria Grace. "I do not know anything about birds' feather mattresses. I have never even seen a mattress."

"Well," responded the disappointed King, "whether you know anything about them or not, if you expect to live you must bring such a mattress to me."

As Maria Grace wandered sadly away, the Green Parrot came again to her.

"Why are you sad, Maria Grace?" the Green Parrot wanted to know.

"Because your father, the King, has commanded me to bring to him a mattress of birds' feathers and I do not know where to find one."

"Leave that to me," encouraged the Green Parrot. And then he called: "Birds, birds, come here and drop your feathers for the Green Parrot has found his girl and wants to get married!"

And birds, birds, birds came flocking from all directions. The Green Parrot spread a big piece of heavy cloth upon the ground and they dropped soft feathers until feathers piled high upon the cloth.

Maria Grace sewed the cloth of feathers into a mattress and took it to the King. The King received it joyfully. Then he put Maria Grace to work among the washerwomen.

The Queen was angrier than ever, because she had not succeeded in getting rid of Maria Grace. So she said to the chief Washerwoman:

"Go, tell the King that this girl Maria Grace says

that she can bring the Green Parrot's clothes to help him throw off his enchantment!"

When the King heard this he sent for Maria Grace a third time.

"Did you say," he asked her, "that you can bring the Prince's clothes to help him throw off his enchantment?"

"No," replied Maria Grace sorrowfully. "I know nothing about the Prince's clothes."

"Well, whether you know anything about them or not," cried the King, "you must bring the clothes to me or you shall die."

Again Maria Grace met the Green Parrot and was asked her trouble.

"The King has commanded me to bring your clothes to him," she replied. "If you have lost your clothes how can we find them?"

But the Green Parrot told her not to fear for he would help her as before. "Do not cry," said he, "for your labors are almost ended."

"Listen carefully," commanded the Green Parrot. "Walk straight ahead. You will pass by a

place where there are a dog, a horse and some tailors. When you get there take the grass away from the dog and give it to the horse. Then take the bone from the horse and give it to the dog.

Take the grass away from the dog and give it to the horse

Here are three steel needles. Give these needles to the tailors and take from them the wooden needles they now have."

"After you have passed these," continued the Green Parrot, "you will come to a place where there are many briar roses in the grass. Call to them, 'Little roses, little roses, let me pass for the Prince wants to get married!' they will let you pass without holding your skirts. Then when you reach the house of the Witch beyond them, you

will find the Witch sitting beside the door. If she has her eyes open she will be asleep. If she has her eyes closed she will be awake. You will find my clothes in a chest in her house, which only the tailors' wooden needles can open."

Maria Grace followed the Green Parrot's directions until she reached the house and found the Witch with her eyes open. She knew that the Witch was asleep, so she tiptoed to the locked chest. The three wooden needles fitted into the lock and the chest sprang open. She took out the Prince's clothes and turned to go. But, as Maria Grace was slipping out, the edge of her skirts touched the Witch and waked her.

"Aha, aha!" shouted the Witch. "I know who you are. Come here and bring back those clothes!"

But Maria Grace ran on as fast as she could.

"Briars, briars," yelled the Witch, "catch that girl for me!"

"No," replied the briar roses. "She called us *roses*. We will let her pass."

"Tailors, tailors," shrieked the Witch, "catch that girl for me!"

"No," calmly replied the tailors. "She has given us steel needles in place of the wooden ones that you gave us. We will let her pass."

"Horse, horse," then called the Witch, "catch that girl for me!"

But the horse replied, "No, she gave me grass while you gave me a bone that I could not eat. She may pass by me."

Then the Witch appealed to the dog to catch the girl; but the dog was busily gnawing on his bone and Maria Grace ran on. She reached the palace and gave the clothes to the King.

The King was overjoyed. He called all the people of his kingdom in, especially the rich and the beautiful, with their daughters, so that the Prince might choose whom he would marry.

They prepared a long hall. In it they built a perch for the Green Parrot. The floor was sprinkled with birds' tears from the nine green jars. The Green Parrot was called in and all of the invited guests. The Green Parrot looked all around the hall, but Maria Grace was not there. So he called, "Maria Grace!"

Many girls of that name stepped forward eagerly. Each one thought she was the one that the Prince called. But the Green Parrot sadly shook his head and called again for Maria Grace.

"Whom do you want, my son?" asked the King.

"The Maria Grace who has been at work in your palace," replied the Green Parrot.

So the King sent his Chamberlain to bring Maria Grace.

When Maria Grace came modestly before the Green Parrot, the Green Parrot said to her, "Maria Grace, lift up your eyes. Your labors are ended."

Maria Grace looked up. The Green Parrot hopped into her arms and was immediately changed back into the handsome Prince in a suit of shining green.

The maids in waiting took Maria Grace and dressed her in fine clothing. She was married to the Prince and they lived happily ever after; for the Stepmother, the Queen and the Witch, guarding the house behind the briar roses, were all one and the same and they died when the Prince was disenchanted.

Learning Resource Center

THE FOX AND THE SKUNK

(*Navajo, Tohatchi*)

On one side of a hill once lived Mr. Fox and on the other side lived his neighbor Mr. Skunk.

One day Mr. Skunk came to call. "Let us go out to hunt prairie dogs," he suggested to Mr. Fox, who immediately agreed. And while Mr. Fox chased and caught ten prairie dogs Mr. Skunk walked proudly around waving his fine tail.

"Now let us go back and have a good feast," said Mr. Skunk.

They returned to Mr. Fox's house. Beside his house was a shady tree. They dug a hole beneath the tree, built a fire and then when the fire burnt down to a bed of hot ashes, they covered the ten prairie dogs in the ashes to roast.

"I will tell you what we can do while we wait," volunteered Mr. Skunk.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Fox.

"We can run a race and whichever beats will

have first choice of the prairie dogs," explained Mr. Skunk.

Mr. Fox thought that would be a fine thing to do. "I am ready," he said. But Mr. Skunk in-

They dug a hole beneath the tree

sisted that since he was smaller than Mr. Fox he should be given a handicap in the race. He proposed that Mr. Fox should wait until he got around the turn of a nearby hill before Mr. Fox should begin to run.

Mr. Skunk ran behind the hill and hid in a hole

he knew about and remained as quiet as a mouse until after Mr. Fox ran by. Then Mr. Skunk crept out of the hole, ran back to the roasting prairie dogs and pulled out all but one lean one.

He scampered up in the tree to hide and began devouring the prairie dogs as fast as he could swallow them.

Mr. Fox ran panting up to the hole. "I am here first," he chuckled to himself, "so I can eat all the fat prairie dogs." But when he dug into the ashes there was only one skinny dog.

Mr. Fox looked suspiciously about and finally he spied Mr. Skunk feasting up in the tree.

"Please, my friend," begged Mr. Fox, "give me back my prairie dogs."

But Mr. Skunk only laughed and threw the bones at Mr. Fox. So Mr. Fox went sorrowfully away.

He had not gone far when he reached the river wash and saw Master Rabbit hopping by. Mr. Fox slipped up quietly, gave a big leap and caught Master Rabbit before he could run away.

"Now I shall have a better dinner than Skunk-man," said Mr. Fox.

"Oh, please do not eat me here, Fox-man," pleaded Master Rabbit. "If you leave my bones

Mr. Fox gave a big leap and caught Master Rabbit

here the water will rush down this wash when it rains and my bones will be carried away and scattered. I could never come to life again and you would have no more rabbits to eat."

"That is so, but where can I eat you?" asked Mr. Fox.

Put me down a moment so that I can think,"

said Master Rabbit. And when Mr. Fox put him down, Master Rabbit gave a big hop and bounded away to his hole with Mr. Fox leaping behind him.

Fortunately Master Rabbit's burrow was not far away so that he was safely inside before Mr. Fox overtook him.

Mr. Fox was so angry that he tried to dig Master Rabbit out of his hole. But the burrow was too deep and the clay was too hard, so that Mr. Fox only wore off all of his claws; and finally he had to give up. And he went angrily home again to lick Mr. Skunk's discarded prairie dog bones.

THE FOX'S EYES

(Navajo, Crown Point)

In the long ago Foxes and Crows could take out their eyes and put them back again whenever they wished.

One day a group of Crows were amusing themselves by rolling their eyes like marbles to find out

"We are playing with our eyes," answered the Crows

which one could roll his eyes farthest and so win the game.

Mr. Fox chanced along at that time and asked, "What are you doing, jolly Crow-boys?"

"We are playing with our eyes," answered the Crows.

"Let me play with you?" suggested Mr. Fox with a sideways glance at the fat Crows.

"All right," replied the Crows, as they sent their eyes rolling down a little slope. "See if your eyes can roll as far as that!"

Then Mr. Fox took out his eyes and threw them as far as he could. But they did not go half so far as the Crows' eyes had gone rolling down the slope, and the Crows laughed and laughed at Mr. Fox for being defeated in the game.

"Let us roll our eyes again," growled Mr. Fox, who was angry at their laughter, "and I will beat you this time."

"Very well," agreed the Crows, "but it is your turn to roll first."

So Mr. Fox threw his eyes a second time. The Crows had not yet taken their eyes out again, so that they could see. Two of the Crows pounced down upon Mr. Fox's eyes as they rolled along. They pecked them up and swallowed them down. Then they flew away laughing.

Mr. Fox felt all around for his nice black eyes; but, of course, he could not find them anywhere.

"Here they are!" he would cry as he stepped upon two small round pebbles. But each time he was mistaken.

Finally he picked up two of the light brown pebbles and said, "I cannot find my own black eyes so I will have to use these brown stones for eyes."

Then he placed them in the sockets where his old eyes had been; and from that time on foxes have had light brown eyes.

THE GIANT AND THE SMALL BOY

(*Navajo, Tohatchi*)

Once upon a time a little Indian boy wandered too far from his father's *hogan*, his little house out on the desert. Suddenly a big shadow lay before him. The boy looked up and there was a Giant coming toward him. He turned around and ran as fast as he could, but the Giant with one great stride overtook the Boy. He snatched him up and put him into his cowhide bag.

"You are just what I was looking for," thundered the Giant.

When they reached the Giant's house in the cliffs, the Giant said to the trembling Boy, "Take that sharp stone ax lying there and dig a long hole in the ground, or I will pull your head off."

The Boy took the stone ax and dug a long hole as he was told.

"Build a fire in the hole," commanded the Giant in a big voice that shook the ground.

The little Boy built the fire, but it took a long time for he kept putting it out with his tears.

The boy dug a long hole as he was told

"Now I am going to roast you alive for my dinner," he stormed at the quaking boy.

"But wait," added the Giant, "I do not want you to burn. Burnt meat does not taste good. Go and find five flat stones that I can put around you in the hole."

The Boy went to look for the stones crying as loud as he could. His screams were heard by twenty brave Indian men, who were out hunting. They hurried to where the sound of distress came from and found the Boy.

"Why are you crying, my child?" asked one of the Hunters. But the Boy was crying too hard to answer.

Another Hunter saw the heavy stone that the Boy was struggling beneath and he asked, "Why are you carrying that heavy stone?"

Then the Boy stammered between his sobs, "A Giant caught me. He made me dig a hole and build a fire, and now he is going to roast me on this stone."

"Do not cry," said the Hunters," we will go with you to see this Giant."

They went and found the Giant napping under a tree. The approach of the twenty Hunters waked the Giant. He opened wide his mouth and eyes in amazement at the sight of so many Indians and ran away as fast as he could.

He ran so fast that he stumped his toe and fell down. He fell so hard that he broke all into pieces.

The Hunters took the little Boy to his troubled mother and father and they were all very happy indeed.

THE WINGED MAN

(*Acoma*)

Once upon a time there was a very brave and a very good boy called the Prayer-plume boy. He lived alone with his beautiful sister near a high mountain. He was a good shot with his bow and arrows, and very often he went into the forest on the mountain side to hunt. He never failed to bring back a deer or a bear or some other game for food for himself and his sister.

One day while he was away in the forest hunting, Sown-yoh, a wicked man with wings who lived up in the sky, flew down to Prayer-plume's house and carried away his beautiful sister.

Now Sown-yoh was a wizard and all of the people were afraid of him, so that at first Prayer-plume did not know what to do. Then he sat down and made four prayer sticks with beautiful soft red feathers at their tips. And taking them, together with a bowl of sacred meal, with him he went out

and prayed to the Great Spirit, who rules over everything.

"Take me up into the sky, Oh Great Spirit!" he

He sat down and made four prayer sticks

begged, "so that I may find my sister and bring her back again."

Prayer-plume was standing up on a little hill called a *mesa* when he prayed and a strong wind came and carried him up into the sky to the top of a great cloud bank.

When he reached the sky, Prayer-plume stood

wondering which way to go and what to do to recover his sister. But he did not have long to wonder for along came old Grandmother Spider and asked his trouble. And he told her what had happened to his sister.

"You are a good boy, Prayer-plume," she said, "come to my house and I will help you to get your sister."

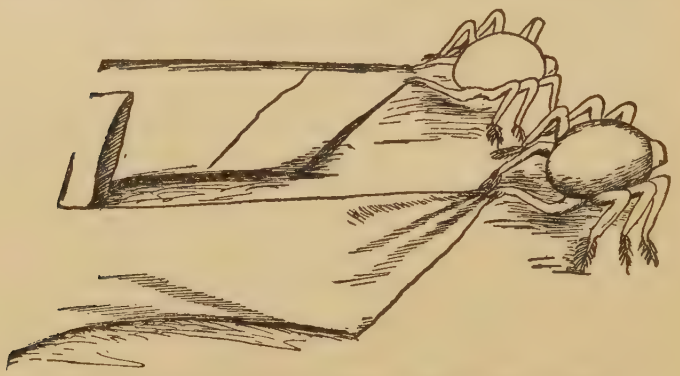
Prayer-plume thankfully followed her to her house; but when he got there he exclaimed, "oh, Grandmother Spider, I cannot get in for your door and your house are both too small!"

"Never fear, my son," replied Grandmother Spider, "put your foot on the doorstep and you can come in."

Prayer-plume put his foot upon the doorstep and he found himself shrinking and shrinking until he was small enough to get in. Inside he found many little spider children running about playing happily together. Grandmother Spider brought in a great pile of pine gum and set to work making it into a great coat that looked like a coat of flint rock. Then she called two of her children to her.

"Go, my boys," she said to them, "to the house of Sown-yoh. Take this pine gum coat with you. And while he sleeps you will find his coat of flint hanging upon the wall. Take it down; hang this coat up in its stead; and bring the flint coat to me."

The Spider-boys scurried away and during the



The Spider-boys came back dragging the big coat of flint

night they came back dragging the big coat of flint that belonged to Sown-yoh.

While they were away Grandmother Spider had been busy making a hatchet of pine gum that looked like a hatchet of stone. No one could have told the difference.

"Go back again," she said to her boys, "and put

this hatchet beside Sown-yoh, where you will find his stone hatchet, and bring his stone one to me."

The Spider-boys hurried away again and came back with the stone hatchet.

Then Grandmother Spider gave Prayer-plume the coat, the hatchet and a stool of pine gum that she had polished with cloud dust to make it sparkle and shine.

"Take these with you," she said, "to the house of Sown-yoh, which you will find at the end of this trail. When you reach there exchange this stool for Sown-yoh's stool, which he keeps behind the door. It is made of ice and will help you in your present task. Put on the coat of flint and keep the stone hatchet always in your hand until needed."

With these instructions Grandmother Spider bid him good-bye and Prayer-plume went on his way to the house of Sown-yoh at the end of the trail.

When Prayer-plume reached the house the door was open, so he slipped quietly in and exchanged the stools, as Grandmother Spider had told him to do, before the wizard saw him.

"Who dares to come into my house!" stormed Sown-yoh in a rage.

"I have come in search of my sister, whom you stole," bravely responded Prayer-plume.

"You cannot have her," replied Sown-yoh angrily.

"But I will have her," said Prayer-plume without fear.

This surprised Sown-yoh, for all other men had trembled at his words.

"Well," said Sown-yoh, "since you seem determined to have your sister, I will tell you what we will do. We shall see who is the stronger, you or I, and whoever proves to be more powerful than the other shall have your sister for a housekeeper.

"All right," agreed Prayer-plume.

"Then come with me," said Sown-yoh. "We will see who can cut off the top of a mountain." And he led Prayer-plume to a spot above the mountain that stood near his own home.

"Look at that mountain," he cried, "with one blow of my hatchet I can cut its top off."

"Well throw," said Prayer-plume, "and if you

succeed you may have my sister and I shall go home alone." For Prayer-plume knew which hatchet Sown-yoh had.

Sown-yoh drew back the gum hatchet that Grand-

Prayer-plume threw the magic flint hatchet

mother Spider had made and hurled it toward the mountain top with all his might. It flattened against the mountain side and remained there pasted flat against the rocky slope.

Then Prayer-plume threw the magic flint hatchet, that the Spider-boys had brought to him, and with one great blow it chopped through the mountain and all the top went sliding down one side.

Sown-yoh was astonished. Angrily he yelled, "We have not finished. We shall fight with arrows. Whoever can shoot an arrow and wound the other one will be the stronger of us two. The stronger shall have your sister for a housekeeper."

"Shoot then," cried Prayer-plume, who knew that he was protected by the magic flint coat.

And Sown-yoh shot an arrow straight at the spot which covered Prayer-plume's heart. But the arrow struck the hard coat. It glanced off and stuck straight up in a bank of clouds.

Then Sown-yoh was madder than ever; but he thought that he had on his own flint coat instead of the gum coat that Grandmother Spider had made, so he turned his chest toward Prayer-plume and boasted, "Shoot, you witch, you cannot harm me!"

Prayer-plume shot his arrow straight into Sown-yoh's chest and wounded him; but his heart was so

evil that the arrow could not kill him. It made him very, very angry indeed.

"Now," said Prayer-plume, "since I have proved to you that I am the stronger, I shall take my sister and go on my way. Where is she?"

"No, you shall not take her," raged Sown-yoh. "It is not yet proved that you are the stronger. We shall try our skill with fire. Nothing but fire can destroy the heart of a witch!"

Prayer-plume climbed up on the pile of wood and sat down upon the stool

So they built two huge piles of wood. Then each one set his stool upon the top of his pile.

"Climb up now and sit down," commanded Sown-yoh, "while I set fire to your pile of wood and see how quickly you will burn up."

Without fear Prayer-plume climbed up on the pile

of wood and sat down upon the stool that he had taken from behind Sown-yoh's door. Sown-yoh struck together two pieces of flint to make a spark and lighted the pile of wood; but the stool, which was made of ice, melted in the heat and put out the fire.

Prayer-plume climbed down unharmed. Then it was Sown-yoh's turn to sit upon his pile of wood and Prayer-plume set fire to it, while Sown-yoh scoffed, "As soon as I show you how quickly this fire will go out without harming me we will try something else!" He thought he was on his own ice stool.

When the flames commenced to leap Sown-yoh began to laugh. "Ha, ha, ha!" he sneered. "Did you not know that a wizard knows how to protect himself from his deadly enemy, fire!"

But when the flames began to mount higher and higher about him and his stool, which was the one that Grandmother Spider had made of pine gum, began to melt to make the fire hotter and fiercer, Sown-yoh's sneers turned into fears and he yelled for help.

And before any one could do anything, Sown-yoh with his whole pile of wood was burned to ashes. The cruel wizard was no more. He could never come back to life because his evil heart was burned.

Prayer-plume went back to Sown-yoh's house in search of his sister. He found her locked in a cave room with many other maidens and, with Grandmother Spider's help, he took all of them back to their homes to live happily ever after.

Learning Resource Center

MASTER RABBIT HAS A RIDE

(San Juan and Santa Clara)

Once upon a time Master Rabbit thought that he had grown big enough to have his own home, so he said to his mother, "*Ye-ah,*" for that is what he called her, "I am going to build myself a house."

"All right," agreed his mother. "I shall miss you, but perhaps you are old enough now to have a home of your own."

The dirt just flew out in clouds

So Master Rabbit hopped away seeking for a good place to dig a house. He found a nice spot near a little cedar tree, and he began to dig and dig. The dirt just flew out in clouds behind him he worked so steadily and so fast. And when the good old Sun-God was driving his turquoise horses into their *corral*, which is their stable at night,

and it was time for Master Rabbit to go to bed, his house was all ready. He was so tired that he crept into his soft sand bed and went to sleep.

But the next morning Master Rabbit was hungry and lonely, and he began to think of his mother's comfortable home that he had left.

"I am afraid Ye-ah will miss me to-day," whispered Master Rabbit to himself. "I guess I had better hop over to cheer her up a bit."

And so Master Rabbit jumped along over to see his mother and to eat some of her juicy long grass.

He stayed there all day until the shadows were long and the Sun-God had almost reached his *corral* in the West, driving his white cloud horses this time. Then Master Rabbit knew that it was time to go to his home. When he reached his doorway he stopped to think, for he had been away a long time. "I had better speak to my hole before I go in," he decided, "if there is no one inside then the hole will answer me; but if there is anyone there the hole will say nothing."

So he called aloud, "Hello, hole, are you all

alone?" But the hole did not answer. Master Rabbit backed away and hid behind a sage brush. "I shall wait here to see who is in there," he said.

Sure enough very soon afterward Mr. Bull Snake stuck his head out of Master Rabbit's hole and

Mr. Bull-Snake stuck his head out

looked all about to see what had become of him. Then he crawled back again thinking that Master Rabbit would come in later and make a fine supper for him.

Master Rabbit's heart began to go pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, and he ran back to his mother as fast as he could and snuggled up beside her for the night.

Next morning, as soon as the Sun-God, holding his shining disk, drove his blue steeds up over

the purple mountains, Master Rabbit hopped out again to build himself another home. All day he dug and dug and made the sand fly behind him, so that when darkness came his second new home was all ready with its soft bed of sand.

The following morning he went to see his mother to tell her all about the second house; but he did not stay long this time. He was afraid another snake might find his new home.

Once more when he reached his doorway he called out, "Hello, little hole, are you all alone?" and the little hole echoed back again, "All alone!"

But, just as Master Rabbit was going in, he spied many tracks all around his new house that were not his tracks. So he went inside quickly and locked his door with a big rock.

He had no sooner gotten inside and settled himself than some one knocked, "Rap, rap," upon his rock door.

"Who is there?" called Master Rabbit.

"It is I, Fox-man," replied Mr. Fox, for it was his tracks that Master Rabbit had seen.

"Let me in. I have come to see your new house," called Mr. Fox.

Master Rabbit did not want to let Mr. Fox in, for he knew that Mr. Fox would eat him up; but he could not be impolite. He did not know what to do. He thought of his mother's safe home and big tears trickled silently down his fat cheeks.

Just then a little fly buzzed around Master Rabbit's ears. "Your aunt is having a party," it buzzed. "Your aunt is having a party!"

Master Rabbit jumped up with a grin for he had a new thought. He would tell Mr. Fox about the party.

"Wait a moment, Fox-man. I am washing my face," called Master Rabbit. "My aunt is giving a party."

"You say your aunt is giving a party?" asked Mr. Fox. "That is fine! I would like to go, too. Take me along with you." And Mr. Fox smiled to himself at the thought of a party of nice fat rabbits.

"But I cannot go," moaned Master Rabbit. "It is too far. I could never get there in time."

"Well I will take you on my back," suggested Mr. Fox.

"But I might fall off. I do not know how to ride without a saddle."

"Well," replied Mr. Fox again, "I will go and put a saddle on my back and a bridle on my head and then I will come and take you to your aunt's party."

"All right," agreed Master Rabbit. "That will be fine; but be sure to put on a strong bridle for I have never used any other kind."

So Mr. Fox went away to get the saddle and bridle, and Master Rabbit made himself some spurs out of prickly tumble weeds. In a short time Mr. Fox returned all saddled and bridled and called out that he was ready.

"Well stand still and turn your head the other way," called Master Rabbit and then he bounded out of his house with his spurs hidden under his fur and with one leap landed on Mr. Fox's back in a twinkle.

"Now go ahead," said Master Rabbit; and Mr.

Fox trotted off with his new rider. Master Rabbit leaned over quietly and put on his spurs.

"What are you doing?" demanded Mr. Fox.

With one leap he landed on Mr. Fox's back

"Oh, I am just smoothing the fur on my hind legs," said Master Rabbit. Then he jabbed his spurs into Mr. Fox's sides as hard as he could. Mr. Fox jumped and squealed. He was so angry that he began to buck to throw Master Rabbit off; but Master Rabbit clung tight and stuck Mr. Fox again with the spurs. "You are not going fast enough," he teased. "We will be late for the party."

Mr. Fox bucked and bucked but he could not throw Master Rabbit off his back. So he bucked all the way to the house of Master Rabbit's aunt. And sure enough the rabbits were all there having a party.

Master Rabbit quickly dismounted and tied Mr. Fox hard and fast to a juniper post. Mr. Fox pulled and tugged and bit at his bridle, but he could not

Mr. Fox bucked and bucked but he could not throw Master Rabbit off his back

get loose. And with a laugh at him Master Rabbit went in to enjoy all of the sweet squashes and good things to eat.

When he was ready to go home Master Rabbit came out and jumped on Mr. Fox's back again,

while his aunt untied the bridle rein and Mr. Fox snapped at them in vain. Then he jammed his spurs into Mr. Fox's sides and made him go leaping home again.

Mr. Fox did not intend to stop at Master Rabbit's door, but that did not matter to Master Rabbit for he was accustomed to jumping. So just as Mr. Fox was passing Master Rabbit's house he leaped off right into his own doorway and ran inside and locked his door.

Mr. Fox turned back and pounded and scratched until he wore his claws off, but he could not get into Master Rabbit's house. So he finally went angrily home with his bleeding sides and his bleeding paws and never came back again to Master Rabbit's house.

THE GIANT AND THE TWINS

(*Taos*)

Long, long years ago in the valley where the Indians lived it did not rain for many days and for many, many months. All of the food that the Indians planted dried up in the hot sunshine, until they had nothing to eat. They were almost starving to death.

Finally they all met together in a big council and the Chief said, "We will have to leave our *pueblo*, our village, and go out into the mountains to look for wild berries and wild roots to eat."

So sorrowfully the people left their homes and went up into the mountains in search of wild food. But one heartless mother went away and deserted her Twin babies, a little Boy and a little Girl, because she did not know how to carry them both. She left them on the floor of their house and shut the door.

The babies crawled about the rooms picking out

grains of corn from the rat holes that they found in the walls. And these little grains of corn kept them alive for several days, while they grew up so

She left them on the floor of the house and shut the door

fast that they could even see each other growing as if something were stretching them. They became a big Boy and big Girl in four days.

One day they heard the thud, thud of big feet coming near their home. They were terrified, so they ran and hid beneath a buffalo robe.

"Do not be afraid," said a big voice in their doorway. "I have come to help you. Crawl out from under that robe and come here."

The Twins peeped out and saw a Giant standing

"Take this whip," said the Giant

there; but his face was kind and they were not afraid of him. They came out from their hiding place and went to the Giant. Then the Giant handed the Boy a whip made of many strong straw strips like baskets are made of.

"Take this whip," said the Giant, "and hit me hard with it every time I jump."

"But I do not want to hurt you," replied the Boy.

"Do as I say," commanded the Giant. And the Boy struck him with the whip with all his might.

As the Giant jumped buffalo meat, corn bread, ears of corn and venison already cooked, all fell from his garments for the Twins.

On the fifth day many ears of corn fell. "Take this corn," said the Giant to the Twins, "and shell four grains into every house in the *pueblo* and leave them there." Then the Giant took out two sticks from his clothing and, by rubbing them hard and fast together, made a fire in their fireplace for the Twins.

"Keep this fire burning," he commanded, "and to-morrow morning start a fire from it outside. Roast corn in that fire. Your people, who are living upon roots in the mountains, will see the smoke. They will come back to see where it comes from and why it is here. When they smell the roasting corn they will beg for some of it. Do not look up

at them. When they ask you for corn, say to them *without looking up*, 'Your houses are full.'"

"Say no more than that," continued the Giant, "and never speak to any of them at any other time. If you ever say so much as one word to them the

They put ears of corn in the hot ashes to roast

charm will be broken and things will be as they were when I came."

Then after saying good-bye the Giant left them never to return.

The Twins did just as they were told. They built the fire outside on the following morning. They put ears of corn in the hot ashes to roast. Their people came down from the mountains, just

as the Giant had said they would do, and begged, "Give us some corn!"

Without looking up the Twins obediently replied, "Your houses are full."

Then with a cry of joy the Indians each rushed into his own home. The four grains of corn, that the Giant had made the Twins leave in each house, had grown into piles of ears of corn. And there were skins and robes besides, just as there were in the home of the Twins.

The people kept asking the Twins where all of the good things came from, but the Twins obeyed the Giant and never told them, so that they might continue to live happily. In fact, the Twins never said a word to anyone except to each other when no one was around. And the charm was never broken.

THE LAZY GIRL

(*Ute*)

Once there was a lazy girl who did not like to work. She would not even comb and brush her own hair. It was too much trouble, she thought, so she went about untidy and disheveled.

One day she went down to the river. Her mother had sent her there to bathe; but instead of taking a bath she strolled along up the bank of the river. She wandered farther and farther up until she had gone many, many miles from home.

Away up in a strange country she saw two canoes. One canoe was up on the bank out of the water, and the other was floating along in the water near the bank. Lazy-girl looked at each of the canoes. "These are here," she said, "to give me a ride. I wonder which one I shall choose?"

Then she looked again, first at one canoe and then at the other. "If I ride in the one on the bank," she decided, "I shall have to push it into the river,

and that would be too much trouble for I do not like to work. This other canoe is already in the water close to the bank. I shall just ride in it."

So Lazy-girl stepped into the canoe that was floating in the river. As soon as she was inside, it

So Lazy-girl stepped into the canoe

began to sink. Down, down, down it went to the very bottom of the deep river. Down to where lived the King of the Fishes.

"What are you doing here?" bubbled Fish-king.

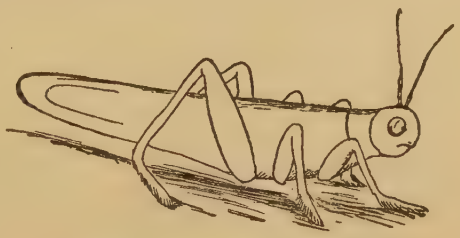
"I do not know," strangled Lazy-girl.

"You stole a ride in my canoe. That is what happened to you," flapped Fish-king. "What were

you doing on the bank of my river? Were you working there?"

"No," replied Lazy-girl, "I was just taking a walk."

But before she could finish speaking Fish-king spouted angrily at her, "Of course, you were not working, for busy people would not ride in my canoe. They would see that it is full of air holes and not made to hold human beings. Go, you lazy girl! We do not keep lazy folks here. Go back to earth where you will be a grasshopper to jump aimlessly over the ground. And whenever you are seen upon the water fishes will gobble you up."



She had turned into a grasshopper

Some of the fish took Lazy-girl back to the surface of the river and put her out on the bank. Sure enough when she tried to walk she found that she could only hop; and looking down at herself she saw that she had turned into a grasshopper.

She dared not go back to her own people for fear they would not know her and would kill her, so she hopped aimlessly away. And since that day, so long ago, grasshoppers are a favorite dish of the fish people.

LIGHT-OF-THE-EVENING AND RAINBOW

(*Santo Domingo*)

Many, many years ago when the world was young, there lived a beautiful Indian maiden named Light-of-the-evening. In those days Mr. Fox had the form of a human being and the rainbow was a handsome youth, who lived in the sky.

Now, both Mr. Fox and Rainbow fell in love with this beautiful maiden. Each one wanted her to be his wife, so each watched for a chance to tell her of his love and to give her engagement presents.

One day Light-of-the-evening went with her jar to the spring for water. Rainbow saw her there while he was out playing ball. He kicked his ball into the spring and it tapped the head of Light-of the-evening.

It was a shiny blue ball and Light-of-the-evening did not know where it had come from. It was so pretty that she wanted it for her own, so she picked it up and hid it in the folds of her dress. Just then Rainbow came down to the spring.

"Pardon me, dear maiden," he asked, "but did you see my ball, which came in here?"

Light-of-the-evening felt ashamed of having picked up someone else's ball. She wanted him to look

She picked up the ball and hid it in the folds of her dress

the other way so that she might drop it, so she said, "Yes, I saw it pass over my head to the other side."

"You have it," said Rainbow laughing, "for your cheeks have turned blue like the ball."

Then Rainbow smilingly continued, "Go up to my home in the sky with me and you may have

the ball and any other of my possessions that you want."

So Light-of-the-evening set down her jar and said that she would go.

"Shut your eyes," suggested Rainbow, "so that I may be able to take you with me." Light-of-the-evening closed her eyes and Rainbow took her up to his ladder of many colors that stretches across the sky and that leads into his home.

"We are here. You may open your eyes now Light-of-the-evening," he exclaimed.

And when Light-of-the-evening looked about there were many beautiful things to see, with varicolored birds singing upon each rung of the ladder. She was delighted, but after playing among the beautiful things for four hours, she told Rainbow that she wanted to return home to her mother.

Rainbow gave her many presents and then bore her with closed eyes back to her jar beside the spring.

"I will see you again," he said and then he skipped away.

Light-of-the-evening filled her jar with water

and took it with all of her presents to her home. Her mother was anxiously waiting. She was so happy to see Light-of-the-evening and very interested to hear about all the wonderful things that Light-of-the-evening had seen.

Another day Light-of-the-evening went with her jar to the spring. And once more a shiny blue ball bounced in and gently struck her. She looked up to find Rainbow smiling at her surprise.

"Will you go up again with me to my home, Light-of-the-evening?" asked Rainbow. "I would like to take you up to live with me. Will you go?"

And Light-of-the-evening shyly answered, "Yes, Rainbow, I will go; but I must tell my mother first."

"Then I will meet you here at the spring four days from now and take you with me to be my wife." And so saying Rainbow skipped away kicking his shiny blue ball.

But Mr. Fox had been hiding behind a pile of rocks beside the spring. He overheard what Rainbow said. So three days later when Light-of-the-evening

went late in the afternoon to the spring for water, Mr. Fox met her. He was dressed like Rainbow and in the dim light Light-of-the-evening could not tell that it was Mr. Fox. She thought it was Rainbow.

"I have come to take you with me," said Mr. Fox

"I have come to take you up with me," said Mr. Fox.

"But you told me you would come on the fourth day," replied Light-of-the-evening in surprise. "This is only the third day!"

"I have changed my mind," deceived Mr. Fox.

"Close your eyes quickly, for we have not a moment to lose before darkness will overtake us."

Light-of-the-evening, still believing that it was Rainbow, closed her eyes and Mr. Fox grabbed her up and carried her away to his den. When she opened her eyes Light-of-the-evening saw dead chickens instead of singing birds upon the ladder. She looked quickly at her companion and saw for the first time that it was not Rainbow, but Mr. Fox, who had brought her with him.

"Take me home," she cried. "I want to go home."

"Wait until I give you the beautiful presents I have for you," said Mr. Fox soothingly. And he brought chickens he had killed and skins to her; but Light-of-the-evening refused to accept his gifts. She insisted that Mr. Fox should take her back home; and when she began to cry, Mr. Fox was afraid that Rainbow would hear her. So he carried her back to the spring, where her jar of water was waiting and her anxious mother was looking for her.

The next day was the fourth day. Light-of-the-

evening told her mother good-bye for the present and took with her all of her belongings down to the spring. There, true to his promise, Rainbow was waiting with his shiny blue ball. Then smiling happily he took her to their new home of many colors up in the sky, where they still live peacefully together.

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THE LAMB AND THE FOX

(Navajo, Tohatchi)

One day, long, long ago, when sheep and lambs belonged to no one and there was no one to herd them, they had to go out and feed themselves.

On this day so long ago, a mother sheep said to her little lamb, "You must go out and find food for yourself, my lamb. I am too busy to-day to go with you. But be careful not to go into the woods for enemies live there and you may get killed."

So Master Lamb frisked away in search of grass. There was grass in the valley, but the sun was shining upon it and it looked pale and yellowish. Master Lamb peeped into the edge of the woods. In there under the trees the grass looked cool and green and sweet.

Master Lamb decided he would slip in just for a nibble near the edge. He went in. Then he saw grass farther in where the shade of the trees was denser and it looked greener still. He just must

have a taste of that luscious grass, thought Master Lamb, so after it he went.

Farther and farther into the woods he crept, nibbling and nibbling as he went. Not dreaming

Master Lamb peeked into the edge of the woods

how very far he was wandering until he heard a deep voice greeting, "Good-morning, Lamb-boy. How are you to-day?"

And looking up he saw Mr. Fox beside him.

"Good-morning," answered Master Lamb with his heart thumping, "*pit-a-pat.*" "I am very well, thank you."

"That is good," grinned Mr. Fox, smacking his lips.

"But I am in a hurry, Fox-man," excused Master Lamb. "I cannot stop to talk to you. My mother is waiting for me. I must run home now."

"Oh, your mother can wait a while. You did not seem in a hurry when I first saw you just now," laughed Mr. Fox.

And Master Lamb did not know what to do. He wanted to cry and he wanted his mother. He was so sorry that he had come into the woods.

"I am so glad I met you this morning, Lamb-boy," continued Mr. Fox. "I have often seen you dancing in the valley. You dance so prettily. I want you to teach me to dance, too."

"But I do not know how to sing," bleated Master Lamb.

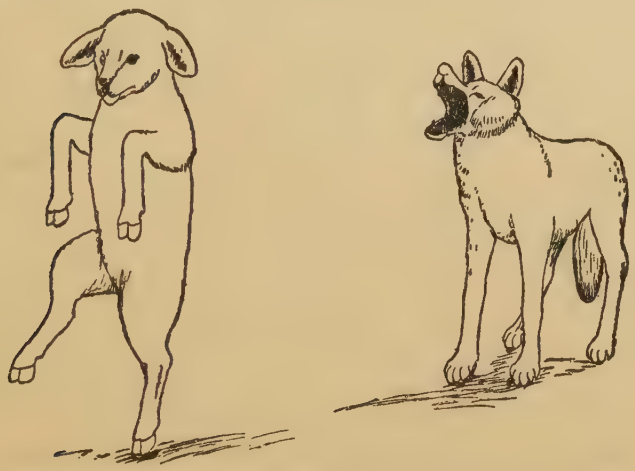
"Well I will sing for you," and Mr. Fox began to yelp and bark and thought that he was singing.

Master Lamb danced around and around until he was out of breath.

"Now you must dance, Fox-man, if you want to learn how," he panted.

"You must not laugh at me when I do," Mr. Fox replied.

Then Mr. Fox began yelping and barking faster and louder than ever to make music for himself as he tried



Master Lamb danced around and around until he was out of breath

to dance like the little lamb. Because, as you know, the little lamb did not know how to sing for him.

He looked so funny indeed that Master Lamb could not help laughing. He just doubled up with giggles and Mr. Fox was so ashamed of himself that he got behind a tree to dance his turn, so that Master Lamb could not see him.

That was Master Lamb's chance to run away. While Mr. Fox was hiding behind the tree making so much noise as he sang, Master Lamb slipped behind another tree. Then he ran home as fast as he could and left Mr. Fox singing and dancing.

And, perhaps, Mr. Fox is still wondering what became of Master Lamb.

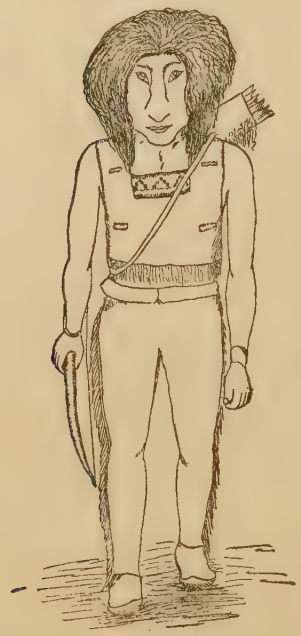
HAPPY-BOY

(*Acoma*)

There was once upon a time a youth, whom we shall call Happy-boy. Happy-boy lived outside of the Indian village with his Grandmother. He and his Grandmother were very happy together, for she was industrious and he was a great hunter. She took care of the meats that he brought home and they never failed to share their food with the gods who lived in the skies. They would throw crumbs to the West; they would blow the steam from the boiling meat pot to the West; and they would scatter corn meal in that direction before it was cooked.

Now Happy-boy was so skillful with his bow and arrows that the other Indian boys were jealous and did not like him. They would tease Happy-boy about his big head and his ugly face. But Happy-boy did not mind a bit. He would only shake his big head and laugh with his ugly mouth and go happily on his way.

It was the custom in that long ago time for girls and boys to go out in parties together to get weeds for making baskets. Each girl would select her boy companion and they would take lunch along. To show their love for each other they would exchange lunch at noon and the boy would eat the girl's food, while the girl ate what the boy had brought.



They would tease Happy-boy about his big head and his ugly face

One evening when everyone was in his house and the village was silent, the Chief climbed up on the flat roof of his tall house and called to all his people, that in four days all of the young folks must go out on their straw-gathering picnic.

When Happy-boy came into the village next morning, the boys began to tease him. "Oh, ugly faced, big head!" they cried, "no girl will choose

you for her partner." And Happy-boy laughed as if he did not care whether he was chosen or not.

But they were all to be surprised and disappointed; for on the day before the picnic Corn-maiden, the beautiful daughter of the Chief, whom all of the boys wanted to go with, sent word to Happy-boy that she had selected him to go weed hunting as her partner.

Happy-boy told his Grandmother of this good fortune. And his Grandmother, who was a famous cook, made him delicious corn cakes filled with honey for his lunch package. And at noon, on the picnic day, when the young folks sat down to eat, Corn-maiden silently handed her lunch to Happy-boy in exchange for his; and thus told him that she was in love with him and was willing to be his wife.

So that evening when they returned to the chief's house, Happy-boy and Corn-maiden were married. And he took her with him to his Grandmother's house.

While Happy-boy went out to bring in firewood, for the fall evenings were growing cool, his Grand-

mother asked, "Corn-maiden, we are said to be poor. Will you be happy living in a poor family?"

"Yes," replied Corn-maiden, "for I love Happy-

Corn-maiden gasped in surprise at all the wealth

boy. He is always smiling and happy. I care not whether he is rich or poor."

"Then you are a brave girl," rejoiced the Grandmother. "Come with me."

And she led Corn-maiden into a back room of the house, filled with handsome skins, buckskin garments, blankets, baskets, fancy pots, beads of

turquoise and many beautiful things. Corn-maiden gasped in surprise at all of the wealth. She looked questioningly at the Grandmother.

"We have kept all of these things hidden," explained the Grandmother, "so that the girl, who married Happy-boy, would select him for himself and not for his riches. These are all yours, Corn-maiden, to make you happy."

"But," added the Grandmother, "will you be happy with such an ugly husband as Happy-boy?"

"Yes," said Corn-maiden, "I did not marry him for his looks. I chose him because of his good heart and his skill, of which I am very proud."

"It is well," rejoiced the Grandmother, "then you will be happy indeed. Come with me for I still have something else to show you."

And she led Corn-maiden into still another room. Upon the wall hung a huge mask that looked just like Happy-boy.

"Why," exclaimed Corn-maiden, "that mask looks as if it might be Happy-boy's twin brother."

"It is more than that," explained the Grand-

mother. "It is the head that Happy-boy wears when he goes outside. When he was a little boy, I watched his beautiful face grow handsomer from day to day. And I feared that it would not be good for him. I thought it might bring him things that he did not have to work for. And also that it might some day win for him a deceitful wife, so I made this mask for him to wear whenever others saw him. He takes it off when he is at home and hangs it there where you see it."

Corn-maiden could scarcely believe what she heard. She was still wondering when they returned to the bare front room. There, beside the fireplace with an armful of wood, stood the handsomest young man she had ever seen. Corn-maiden looked at him in doubt.

"Do you not know me, Corn-maiden?" asked the young man with the voice of Happy-boy. "I am your husband. I hope you like me as I really am without my mask?"

"Oh, I love you better than ever," cried Corn-maiden, "for you have good looks to add to all of

Corn-maiden and Happy-Boy build their home-fire.

your other good traits!" And she ran over to help Happy-boy build their home fire.

One day Happy-boy was out hunting when he saw the largest and most gorgeously colored butter-

He determined to catch it for Corn-maiden

fly that he had ever seen. It astonished him, too, because it was winter time and he had never before see a butterfly in winter. He determined to catch it for Corn-maiden, so he chased after it as it flitted away.

Each time that he almost caught up with it, the butterfly would take wing and flit farther and farther away. It led Happy-boy over rocks, through pine thickets, down canyons, and over hills and finally just as Happy-boy succeeded in touching it, the butterfly turned into a small boy—a little Indian Elf.

"Hello, Happy-boy," laughed the Elf. "The Chief of the Katchinas, who rule the air, the winds, the clouds, the rain and the sky, sent me to bring you here. He wants me to lead you on to his country called We-nee-mot, for he would like to talk to you."

"Is We-nee-mot far?" asked Happy-boy.

"Yes, it is a long way from here," answered the Elf.

"Then I am afraid I cannot go, for I am already tired from my chase and the day is far spent," said Happy-boy. "I would like to go if I could."

"Well," replied the Elf, "you can go, for I will take you."

Immediately he touched Happy-boy and changed him into a butterfly. He turned himself into a

little fly and, with Elf leading the way toward the West, they flew and flew over strange lands until they reached the entrance to a great cave in the ground.

Elf changed himself back into a tiny boy and then

Before the cave sprawled a huge Toad

touched Happy-boy so that he could turn back into himself.

Before the cave, guarding its doorway, sprawled a huge Toad, napping in the sunshine.

"Toad," commanded the Elf, "move to the North and let us pass."

"No," grunted the Toad sleepily, "it will unbalance the world if I move to the North."

"Well then," suggested the Elf, "move to the West and let us pass."

"No," grumbled the Toad, "the Sun is going into the West. There is no room for me there."

"We must pass, Toad," impatiently exclaimed the Elf, "move then to the South and let us go by."

"No," blinked the sleepy Toad, "the world would turn over if I moved to the South."

"Then," finally ordered the Elf, "move toward the East and let us go in."

"All right," said the exasperating Toad, "I always move toward the East." And he moved aside to the eastward and Happy-boy entered the cave with the Elf.

Very soon they came to the house of the fairy god-mother, Grandmother Spider.

"Come in, my children," she greeted. "Where are you going?"

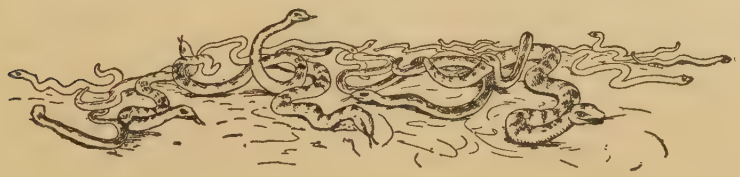
"We are on our way to We-nee-mot, Grandmother Spider," answered the Elf, "and we need your help."

"I cannot go with you to-day," said Grandmother Spider, "for I am busy making pots; but

here is a bag of magic medicine. Whenever you are in danger or need any help, sprinkle some of this medicine upon whatever you want to change."

With thanks Elf took the medicine and they went on their way.

Very soon snakes blocked their pathway. Rattlesnakes, whip snakes, bull snakes, long snakes,



Snakes blocked their pathway

short snakes, striped snakes, fat snakes, lean snakes and all kinds of snakes wriggled and squirmed all over the ground. There was no place to step for them. They were everywhere, for it was the land of the snakes. They began to rattle and to hiss. They stuck out their forked tongues and coiled themselves to strike and bite.

But Elf opened the bag of magic medicine in a jiffy and sprinkled it all around Happy-boy and himself. The snakes scattered and left a wide path-

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way through their midst, so that Elf and Happy-boy could go on their way again.

They had not gone much farther before mountain lions sprang at them from their lairs on all sides. It was the village of the lions. They rushed out at the strangers growling and roaring and showing their long teeth; with their tails twisting and writhing in anger. And Happy-boy was just saved from being killed and devoured by the quickness of Elf. With a big sweep of his hand Elf scattered Grandmother Spider's medicine in all directions; and the lunging lions fell asleep just as they crouched to spring upon the two youths.

Elf and Happy-boy hurried along before the lions should wake up. They ran so fast that as soon as they were out of danger, they had to sit down a moment to rest.

Then, as soon as they were rested, they set out again toward We-nee-mot. And before long they reached the land of the bears. There were caves and caves on all sides and hundreds and hundreds of hungry bears. When the bears saw Elf and

Happy-boy in their country, they growled angrily and started toward them with sharp teeth shining.

Happy-boy got ready his bow and arrow, quite forgetting that one bow could never save him from so many angry bears; but Elf drew out the bag of medicine and the bears, too, fell asleep when he sprinkled them.

"Are we almost there?" asked Happy-boy when they had escaped the bears.

"No, we have two more dangers to pass," replied Elf. "And then we shall reach We-nee-mot in safety."

"What are the dangers?" Happy-boy inquired. But Elf did not have time to answer before a huge pack of wolves, hundreds and hundreds of them, sprang out from holes in the walls of the cave. Their growling and barking sounded like thunder. Their snapping and snarling with wide open mouths looked like a sea of red tongues. Their bright eyes shone like fires and their teeth glistened.

Happy-boy jumped back with fright as they attacked him. They stuck their sharp teeth into his

shoulder and threw him down to tear him into pieces. And with difficulty Elf sprinkled the magic medicine, which put the wolves to sleep where they were. Then he helped Happy-boy up and rubbed each of

A huge pack of wolves snapping and snarling

his bleeding wounds with the medicine and they immediately healed.

They passed on through the bodies of the sleeping wolves and came to a great lake. So wide and so deep it was that they could not possibly have gotten across it, if it had not been for Grandmother Spider's medicine.

But the medicine made the waters separate and Elf with Happy-boy passed across a dry path on the bottom. They walked between two walls of water, piled higher than they could see on both sides.

When they reached the other shore of the lake, the waters rolled back together with a deafening swish and roar. There before them gleamed the shining village of the Katchinas, We-nee-mot.

The Chief of the Katchinas came out of his house to welcome them.

"I have sent for you, Happy-boy, to reward you, because you and your Grandmother never forget us. You always share your food with us by throwing a part of it toward the West. We appreciate your thoughtfulness. And to express our thanks we have brought you here to give you presents."

Then the Chief called the other Katchinas. Each one came out of his house loaded with green corn or pumpkins and heaped them into a pile as big as a room.

"This is for you," they said to Happy-boy.

Happy-boy was overcome by so much kindness. "I thank you very much," he said, "but I cannot accept your gift. I have a long distance to go to return to my home and I could not carry it with me. But I thank you heartily just the same."

"Do not worry about how you shall carry it. The gift is yours and I shall call the Spider-woman to help you with your burden."

Then Katchina-chief sent for another Grandmother Spider, who lived near him. And while

Grandmother Spider filling the bag

they waited for her to come he showed Happy-boy all about the wonderful village of We-nee-mot. Where the trails were made of rainbows, the houses were built of turquoise, the clouds were varicolored and shiny, and there was rainfall but no snow.

Happy-boy was delighted. He would have liked to stay for a long time in We-nee-mot; but he knew that his Grandmother and Corn-maiden would be

grieving for him, so he asked Katchina-chief if he might return home.

"Yes," said Katchina-chief, "here is Spider-woman now. She will help you and will show you the way."

Grandmother Spider had brought a small bag with her. She began to put ears of green corn and the pumpkins into her bag. And as they dropped into the bag they became as small as pin points, so that the bag easily held them all.

"Now," she said as she handed the bag to Happy-boy, "put this inside your belt and when you reach home empty it immediately or it will disappear.

Happy-boy strapped it securely to his belt as he was told.

Then she said to him, "Follow me." And Happy-boy and Elf both followed her to a new exit from the cave, that came out right where the earth and sky come together. There she drew out a hollow arrow shaft from a quiver over her back. "Climb into this arrow shaft, Happy-boy," she said.

"But I cannot climb in, Grandmother Spider, for the shaft is far too small to hold me."

"Climb in," she repeated. And to please her Happy-boy stuck his head beside the opening of the shaft. And to his surprise, he felt himself growing thinner and shorter and thinner and shorter until he could be drawn entirely inside the hollow in the shaft.

When he was safely within Grandmother Spider handed the arrow to Elf and gave him a bow. "Now shoot him toward his home," she commanded, and then she went back to her home and her work.

Elf shot the arrow containing Happy-boy into the air in the direction of his house. It went whizzing as fast as magic could take it and stuck up in the ground right where Happy-boy had first seen the butterfly-elf that morning.

When Happy-boy climbed out he found that he was as big as ever; and he hurried home to his Grandmother and Corn-maiden with his wonderful news.

They were watching for him. He called, "Hello!" to them from the top of the ladder and they ran to greet him. And as soon as he climbed down to the

floor, he untied the little bag from his belt and turned it bottom up. Full-sized ears of corn and pumpkins poured out until the room was piled so full and so high that Corn-maiden, Happy-boy and his Grandmother could scarcely find space to stand in it.

And they were astonished to see green corn and pumpkins fresh from their vines in the winter time, so that Happy-boy had to tell them how it all had happened.

THE FOX AND THE PRAIRIE DOGS

(Navajo, Tohatchi)

One summer's day, so very very long ago, the sun was shining hot as Mr. Fox trotted out looking for food.

"Oh, I wish it were cloudy!" panted Mr. Fox. And immediately there were clouds, but the air was still hot and uncomfortable.

"I wish it would rain," complained Mr. Fox. And right away the rain began to fall, but it was a warm sultry rainfall.

So Mr. Fox sighed, "Oh I wish enough rain would fall to make me swim so that I might get cool."

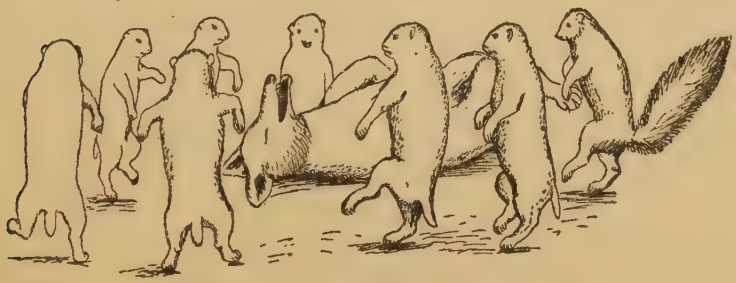
And the rain fell so hard and fast that the whole valley became a river and Mr. Fox had to swim for his life. He swam and swam but he could not get out of the swift stream of water. He became so tired that he panted, "Oh I wish I might drown." Down he sank below the surface and drowned. Then the water washed him out upon the dry bank and left him.

Mr. Skunk came along switching his bushy tail. "Oh dear," he cried, "here lies my friend Fox-man dead. I must get some one to help me bring him to life again."

So Mr. Skunk ran to the Prairie dog village.

"Oh, Prairie dogs," he called. "Fox-man is dead! He has been drowned by the water! Come out and see."

The Prairie dogs were so delighted over the news that they all rushed out to see if it were true. Sure



They began to sing and to dance around Mr. Fox

enough there lay Mr. Fox dead and stiff upon the bank.

"Let us all dance around him and sing because he is dead," suggested Mr. Skunk, who knew that dancing and singing around Mr. Fox would bring

him to life again. But the little Prairie dogs did not know that. They wanted to rejoice that Mr. Fox was dead and could never trouble them again.

So they began to sing and to dance around Mr. Fox. They were singing so loudly that they did not hear Mr. Skunk chanting softly, "I bring him back to life. I bring him back to life. I bring him back to life."

And very soon Mr. Fox jumped up and began snapping the necks of all the little Prairie dogs. As he put down each one that he had caught and turned to snap another scurrying one before he could get away, Mr. Skunk stole the Prairie dogs and ran away. So that poor Mr. Fox had none.

MASTER RABBIT

(*Navajo with song from San Ildefonso*)

It was late in the fall and the air was growing cooler and crisper day after day. Master Rabbit was out one morning on a last hunt for tender green grass and feeling very discouraged indeed over the long wait for his nibbles of sprouting buds and blades.

Suddenly he stopped and pointed his long ears straight upward. What had he heard? He listened a moment and that moment was a mistake. Master Rabbit should have run away instead of listening, for out of the nearby bushes trotted Mr. Fox.

"Good-morning, Rabbit-boy," yapped Mr. Fox. "I was just looking for a plump little rabbit for my dinner. I am so glad I found you."

And he was ready to pounce upon poor Master Rabbit and devour him at once.

"Wait a minute, Fox-man," hurriedly exclaimed

Master Rabbit with a frightened wiggle of his tiny nose. "The river is right here. Surely you are going to have a drink of water before eating."

"Oh, yes, yes," agreed Mr. Fox. "I had quite forgotten that. Certainly I shall have a drink before eating."

And Mr. Fox leaned down for a drink while Master Rabbit found a stone as big as he could lift and stood waiting beside it. When Mr. Fox finished lapping and lapping his drink of water Master Rabbit suggested quickly,

"Now, Fox-man, if you will shut your eyes and open your mouth wide I will jump in and save you the trouble of picking me up."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Fox. "That will be great!"

So Mr. Fox shut his eyes and opened his mouth in readiness and Master Rabbit threw the big stone down his throat.

It was so heavy that it broke off all of Mr. Fox's front teeth as it passed and stuck into his throat.

He strangled and gasped and spitted and sputtered. The last time Master Rabbit glanced back as he went jumping over bushes and racing to his home, he

Master Rabbit threw the big stone down his throat

saw Mr. Fox still struggling to remove the choking stone.

The next morning Master Rabbit hopped up out of his burrow and sat down beside his doorway. He looked sadly at the dark gray clouds hanging so low in the sky that the shining disk of the Sun-God could not be seen at all.

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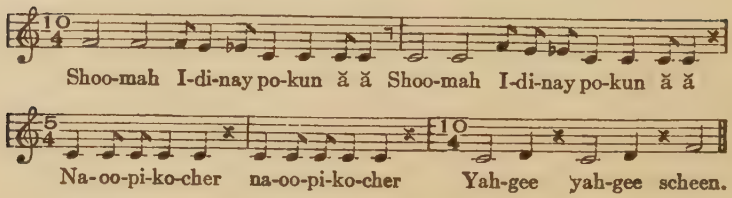
He shook his head sadly and sang:



"From behind that mountain comes the snow
From behind that mountain comes the snow
And I will freeze to death, I know.
Tomorrow again there'll be no sun
So into my house I now will run."

Then down into his hole he ran. Sure enough the snow fell silently and heavily all day and all night. In the morning when Master Rabbit came up to his door to look out the whole earth was white and there was not a sprig of green sticking its nose up anywhere.

With great tears glistening in the corners of his eyes he vaguely saw Mr. Jack Rabbit passing by.

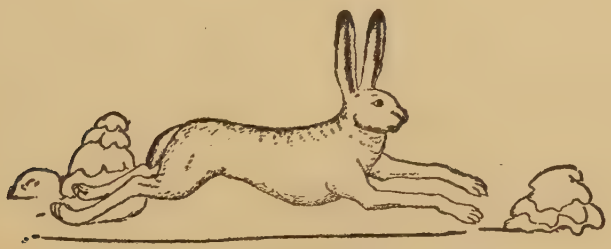
"Hello, Cousin Bunnie!" called Jack Rabbit. "Is not the snow fine this morning? Come out to play in it with me."

"No," sighed Master Rabbit. "I do not like

the snow. I cannot play in it with you for my legs are much shorter than yours. They do not keep my body up out of the snow like yours do. I would smother in the drifts. Besides my fur is soft and would get wet and cold. It is not heavy and thick like yours to keep out the snow."

"Oh no," shivered Master Rabbit. "I cannot come out to play with you to-day."

"Well I am sorry for you," teased Jack Rabbit, as he bounded away like a deer on his long legs to frolic in the snow. And Master Rabbit snuggled back into his dry house.



Jack Rabbit bounded away like a deer

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